

FEATURE

COMICS

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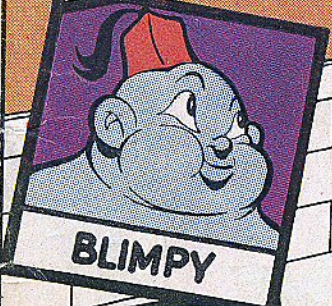


I TOLD YOU TO FIX THAT DRAIN, VINCENT. NOW YOU'RE GOING TO NEED A HARPOON INSTEAD OF A PLUNGER!

SEPTEMBER



THE DOLL MAN



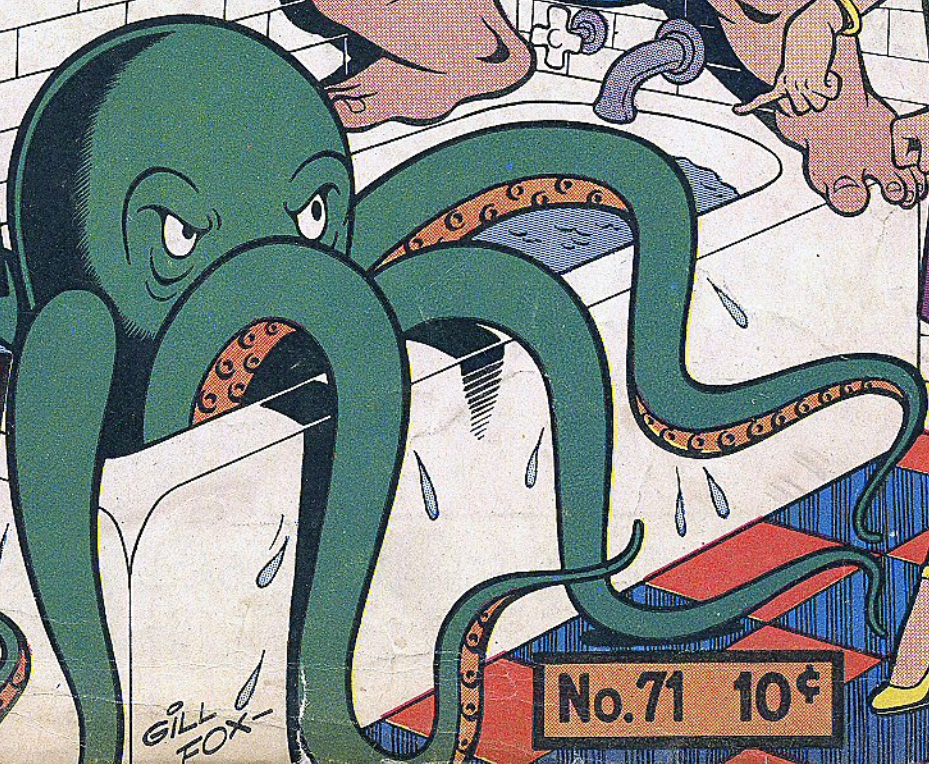
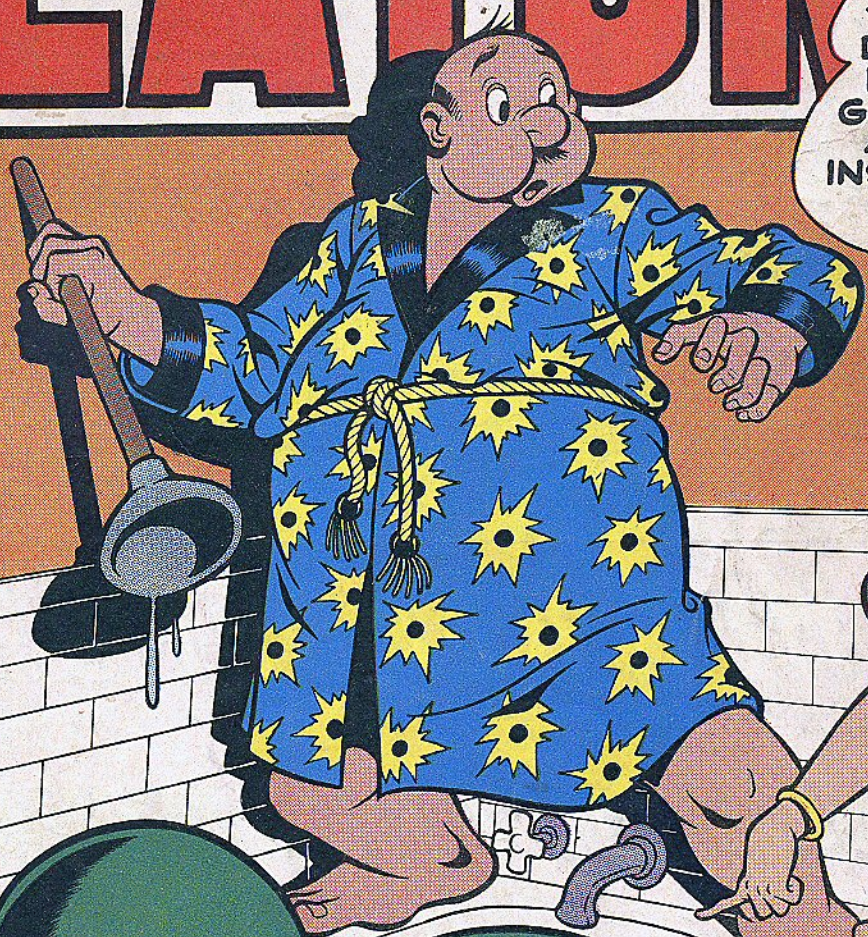
BLIMPY



RUSTY RYAN



SWING SISSON



GILL
FOX-

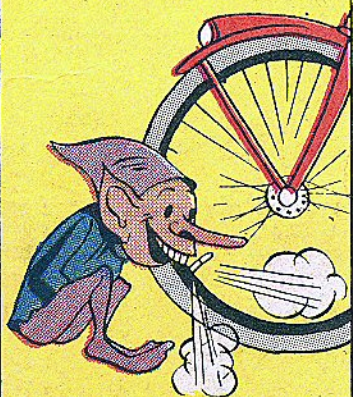
No. 71 10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE SABOTEURS

They'll get your bike if you don't watch out!



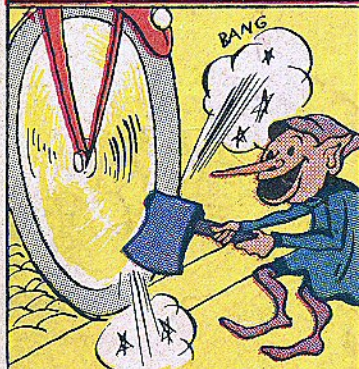
The more he lets air leak out, The faster tires will wear out. (Check your tires regularly)



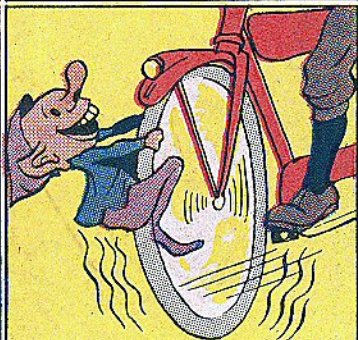
This is the one who likes you to speed. He'll ruin your bike if you don't pay heed. (Don't ride fast)



This is the one who laughs with glee, when you don't use your coaster carefully. (Don't slam your brakes on)



He hides behind each curb and rock. To hit your bouncing bike a sock. (Avoid bruising tires)

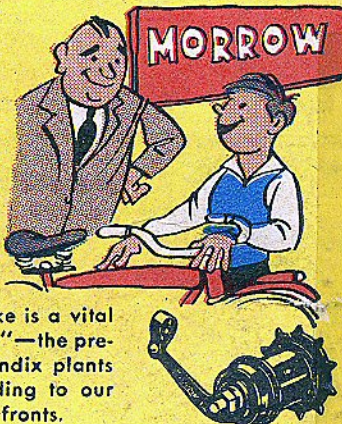


This Saboteur's shimmy is death on wheels. The more the wobble the better he feels. (Keep cone tight)

To foil these Saboteurs, see the bicycle man regularly. He'll help to keep your bicycle rolling.



The "MORROW" Coaster Brake is a vital member of "The Invisible Crew"—the precision equipment which 25 Bendix plants from coast to coast are speeding to our fighting crews on world battle fronts.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

SMASH COMICS...HIT COMICS...CRACK COMICS

HEY, READERS!!

THERE'S NO RATIONING OF

ACTION ADVENTURE OR HUMOR

IN THE

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

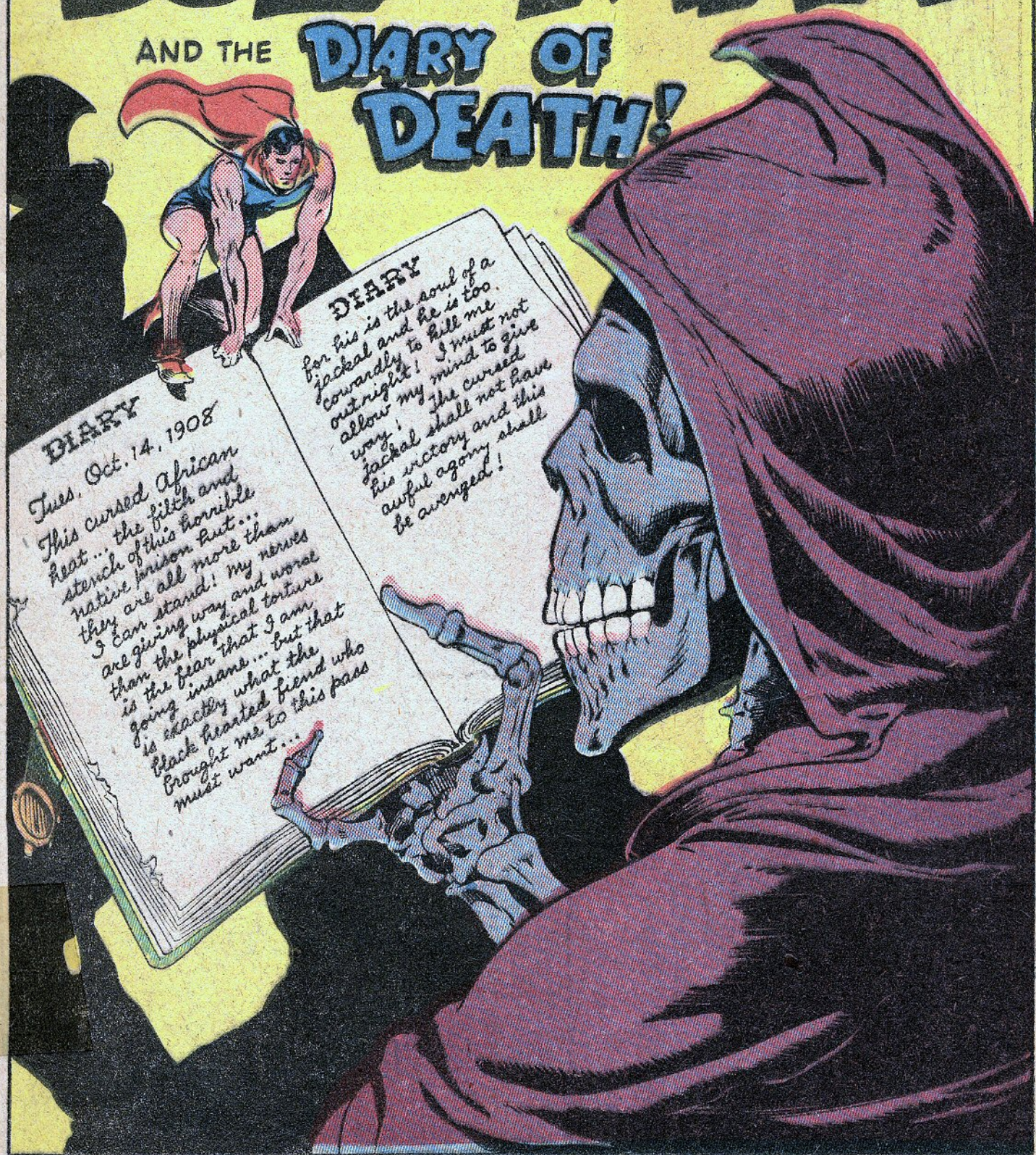
AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINES

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY  UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

FEATURE COMICS, September, 1943, No. 71. Published monthly by Comic Favorites, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Gilbert Fox, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.50, Foreign \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter August 20, 1937, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 415 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1943 by Comic Favorites, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

THE DOLL MAN

AND THE DIARY OF DEATH!



DIARY

Tues. Oct. 14, 1908

This cursed African
heat... the filth and
stench of this horrible
native prison but...
they are all more than
I can stand! My nerves
are giving way and worse
than the physical torture
is the fear that I am
going insane... but that
is exactly what the
black hearted fiend who
brought me to this pass
must want...

DIARY

For his is the soul of a
jackal and he is too
cowardly to kill me
out right! I must not
allow my mind to give
way! The cursed
jackal shall not have
his victory and this
awful agony shall
be avenged!

PEOPLE GO INNOCENTLY ABOUT THE SIMPLE BUSINESS OF LIVING...

WASN'T THAT A WONDERFUL DINNER, DARREL?

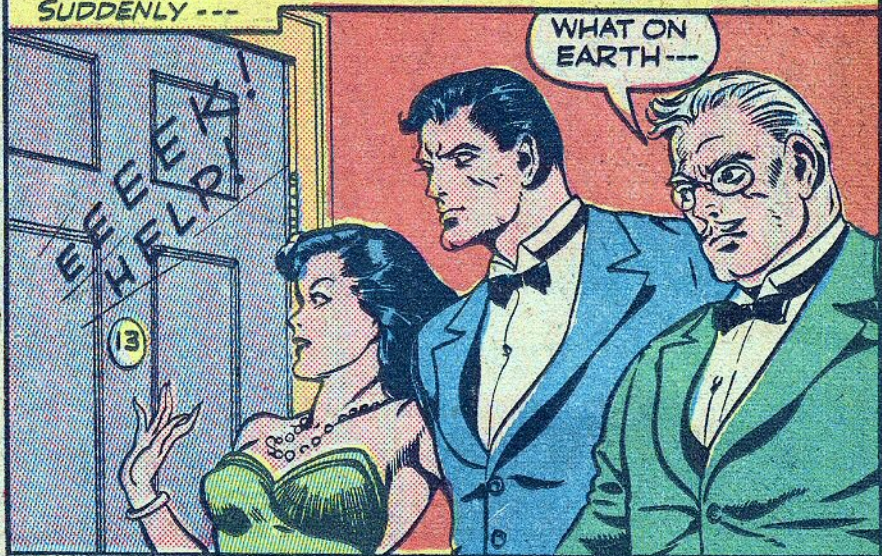
AND WHAT A SUITE -- THE BEST IN THIS HOTEL!

GLAD YOU YOUNGSTERS HAD A GOOD TIME!



AN ENJOYABLE, BUT COMMONPLACE EVENING! THAT'S WHAT DARREL DANE, DR. ROBERTS AND HIS DAUGHTER, MARTHA, HAVE HAD! BUT THAT'S THE WAY LIFE IS! THINGS RUN ALONG WITH COMFORTABLE SMOOTHNESS ... AND THEN SUDDENLY ---

WHAT ON EARTH---



WHAT DO I DO NOW?

IT'S A CHAMBERMAID! SHE'S FAINTED!



SITTING ALL ALONE THERE... AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE... OH-H! IT WAS HORRIBLE!

THERE, THERE-- YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



I'LL TAKE HER DOWN!--MEET YOU TWO IN THE LOBBY!

NEXT STEP IS TO HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT CAUSED THE SCREAM! FEEL UP TO IT, MARTHA?

YOU DON'T THINK I'D MISS IT, DO YOU, DARREL?

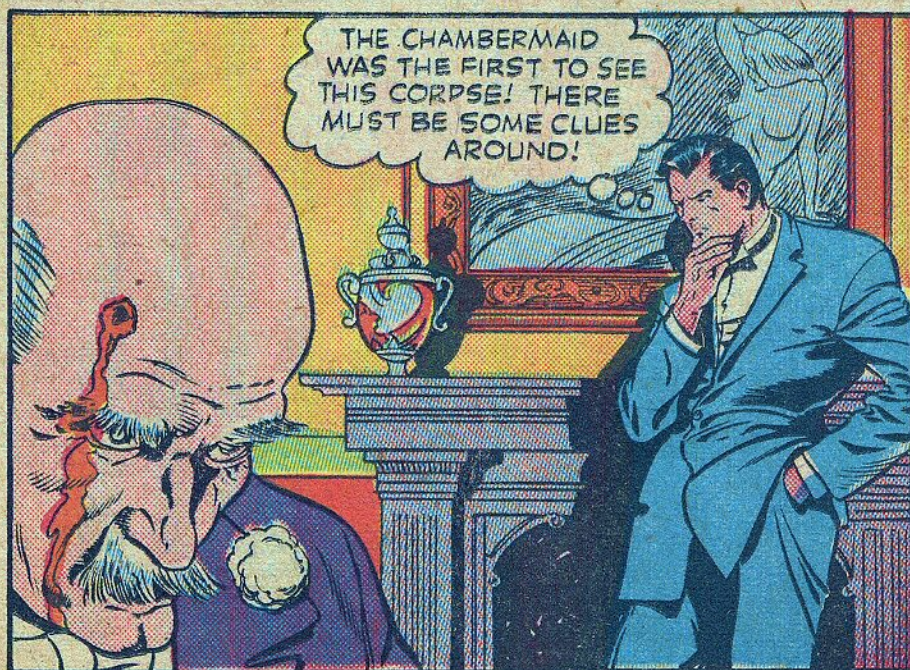
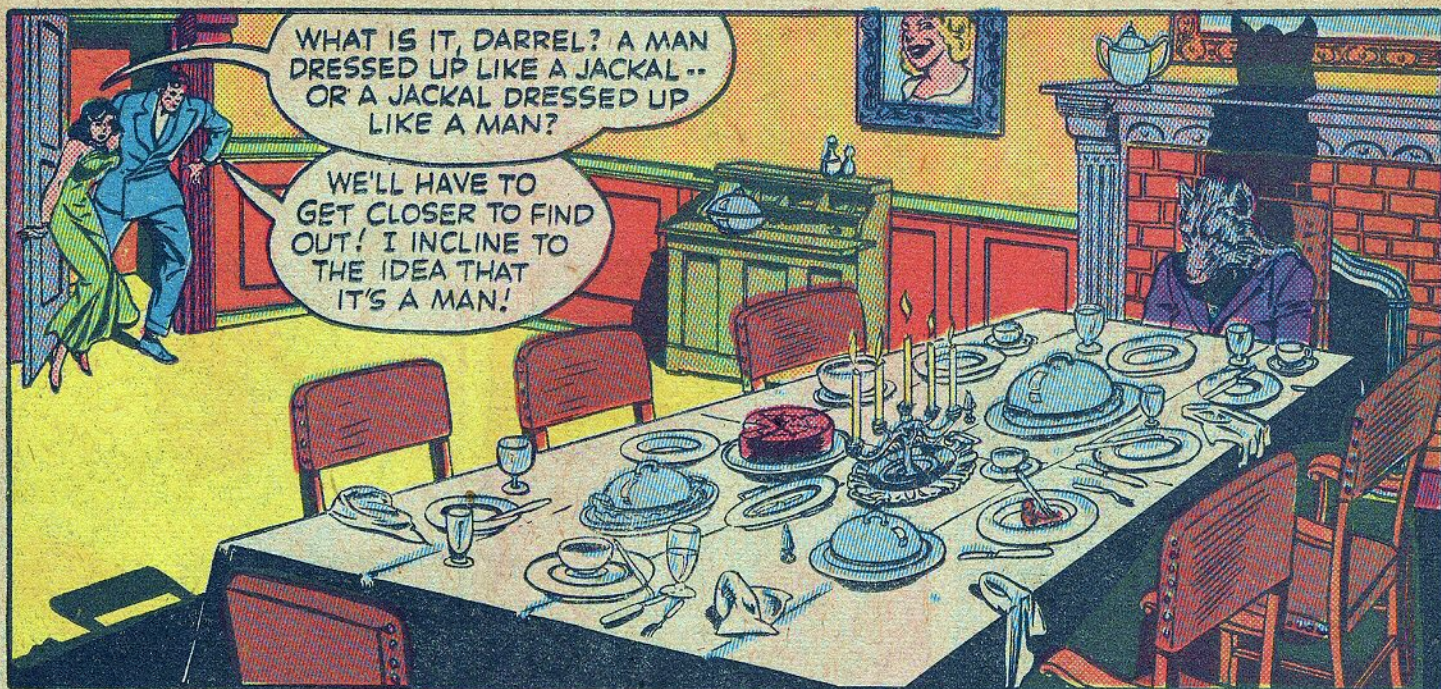


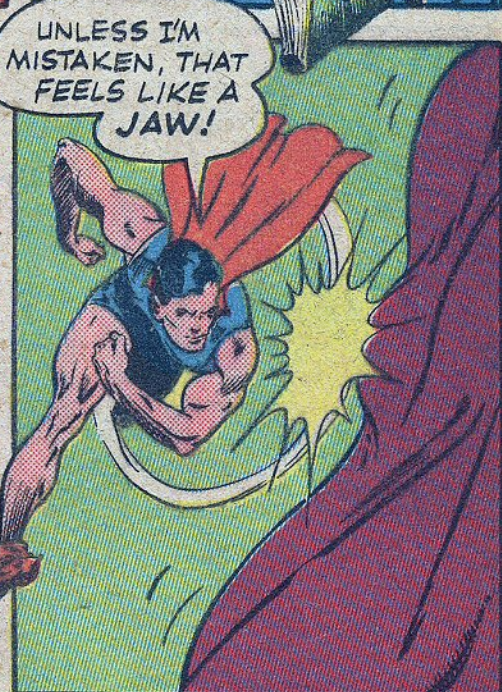
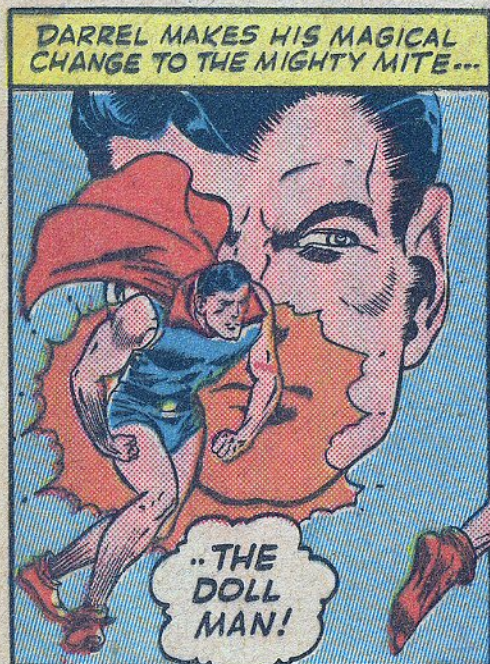
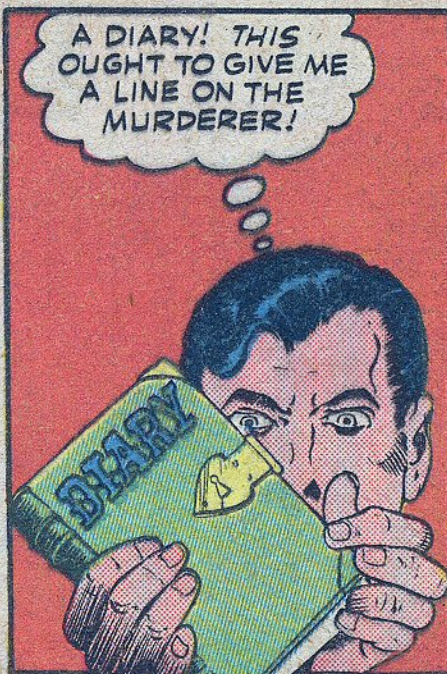
THEY ENTER THE ROOM....

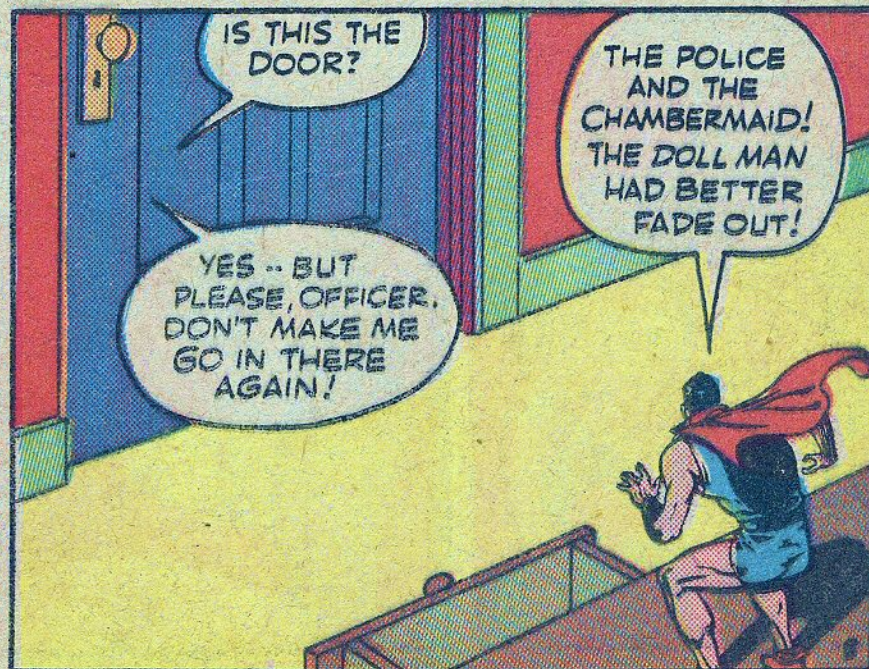
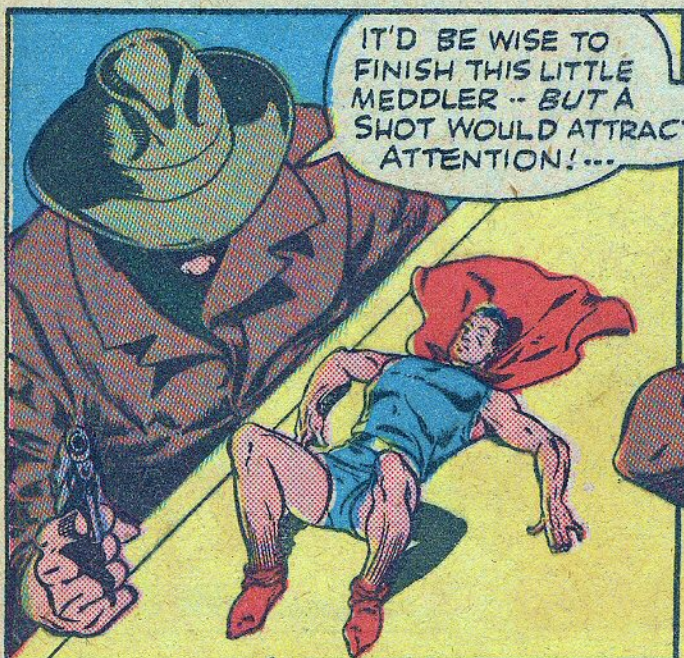
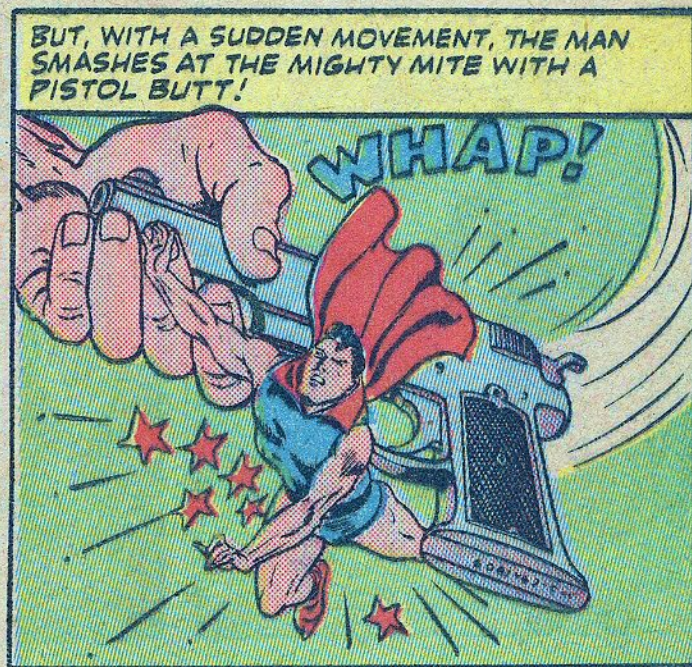
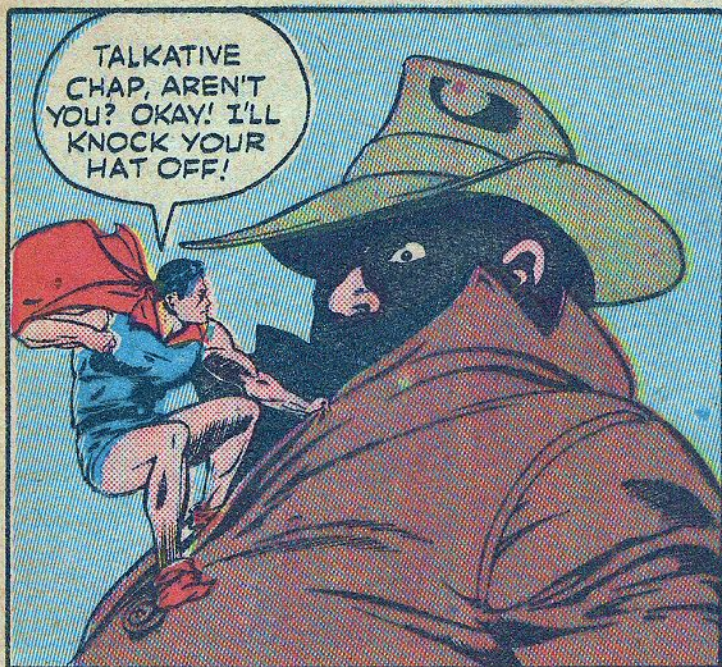
E-E-E-K!

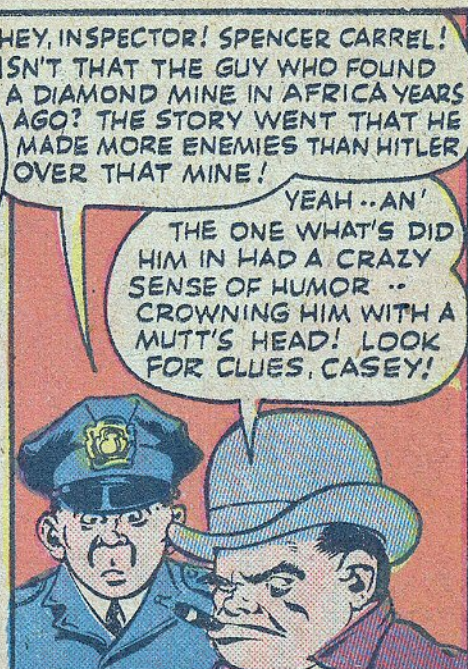
WH-- WHAT--?

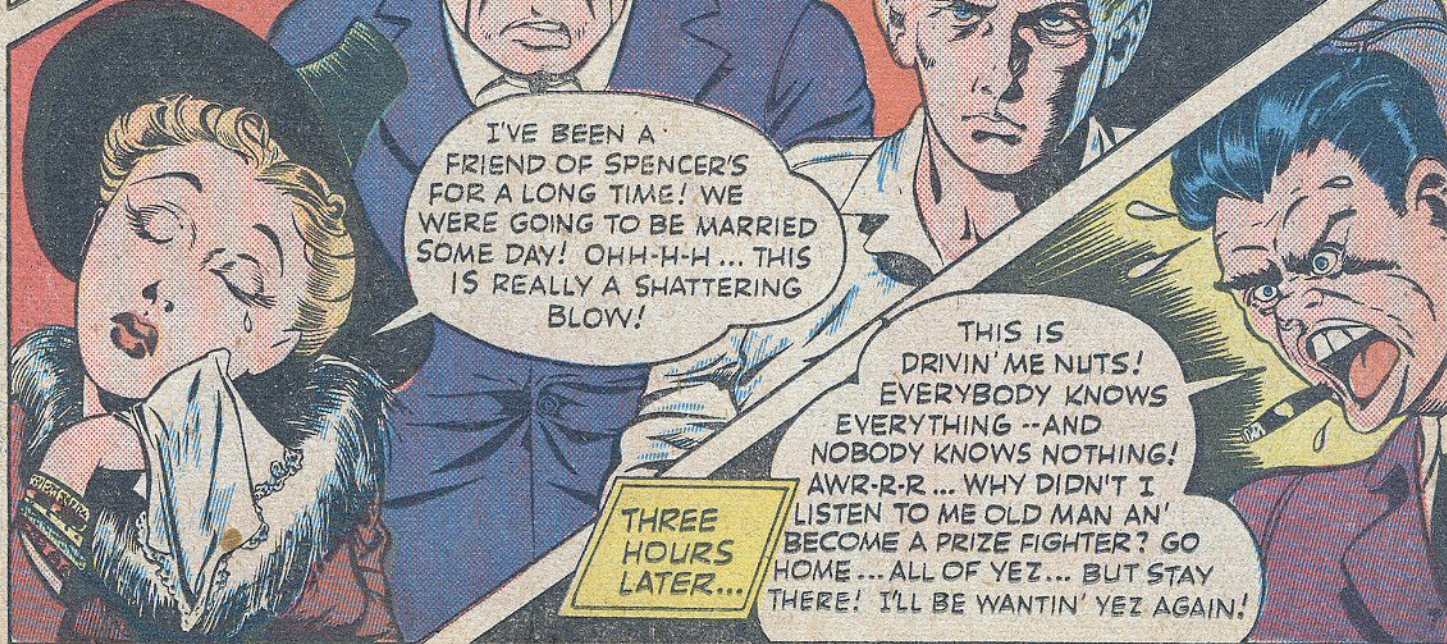
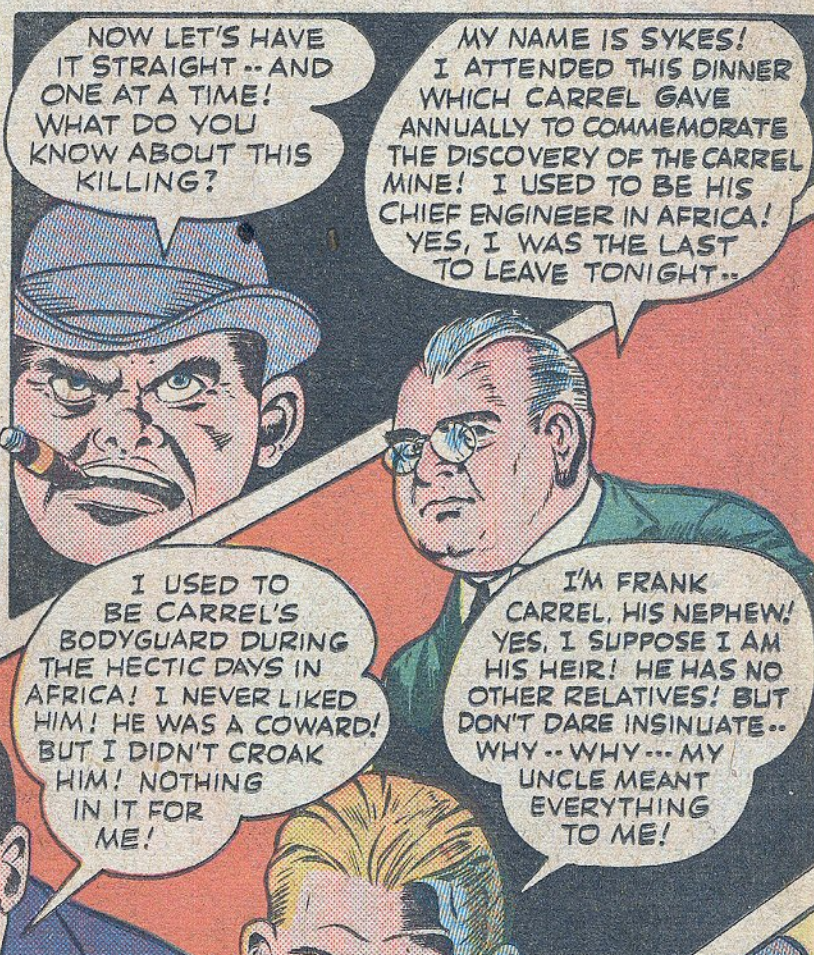
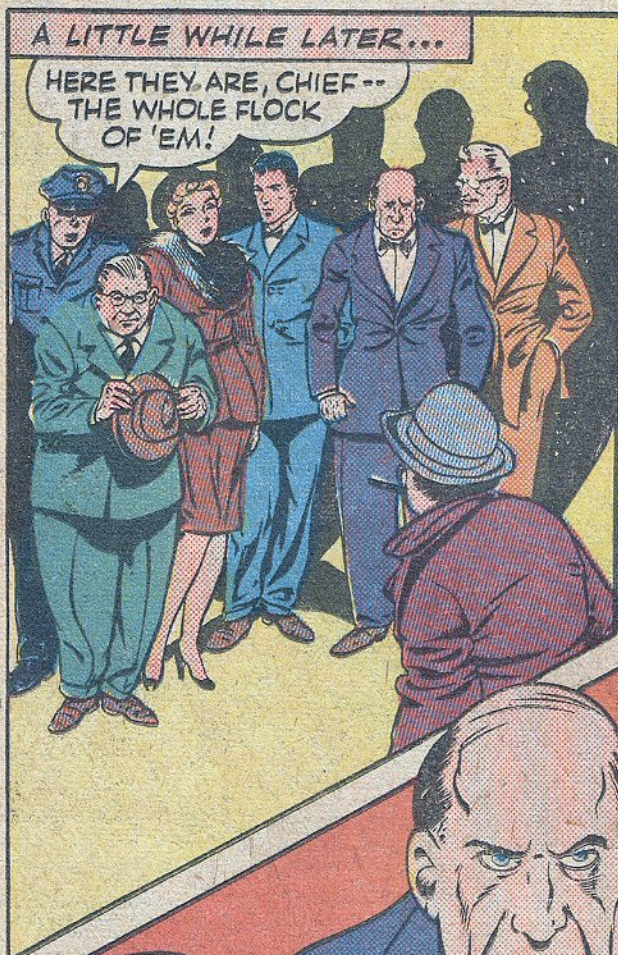
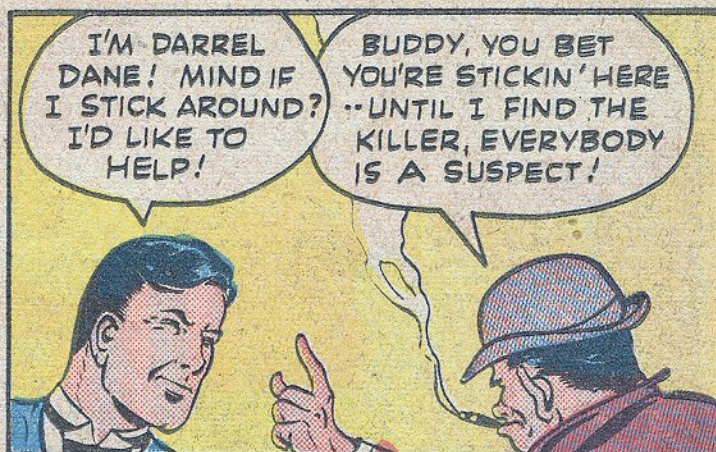












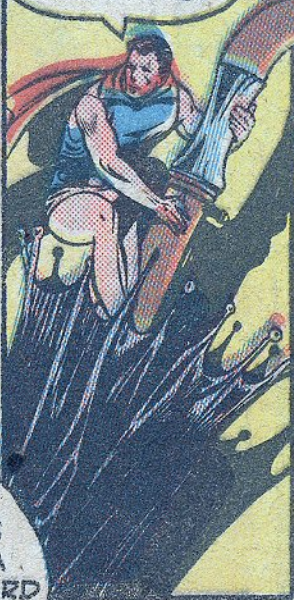


SYKES LOOKS LIKE THE BEST BET! SOMETHING MIGHT COME OF STICKING CLOSE TO HIM!

MY UMBRELLA! I BROUGHT AN UMBRELLA WITH ME!

BUT DARREL HAS BECOME MIGHTY DOLL MAN AND PREPARES FOR A FREE RIDE!

NOTHING COULD BE MORE CONVENIENT, MR. SYKES!



THAT WAS THE ELEVATOR DOOR SHUTTING ON THE REST OF THEM! WONDER WHY SYKES DIDN'T GO DOWN!



ANY KEY FITS THESE HOTEL DOORS! IT'LL BE TEN MINUTES BEFORE THEY SEND A COP UP TO STAND GUARD HERE! THAT'LL GIVE ME TIME TO FIND THE DIARY!



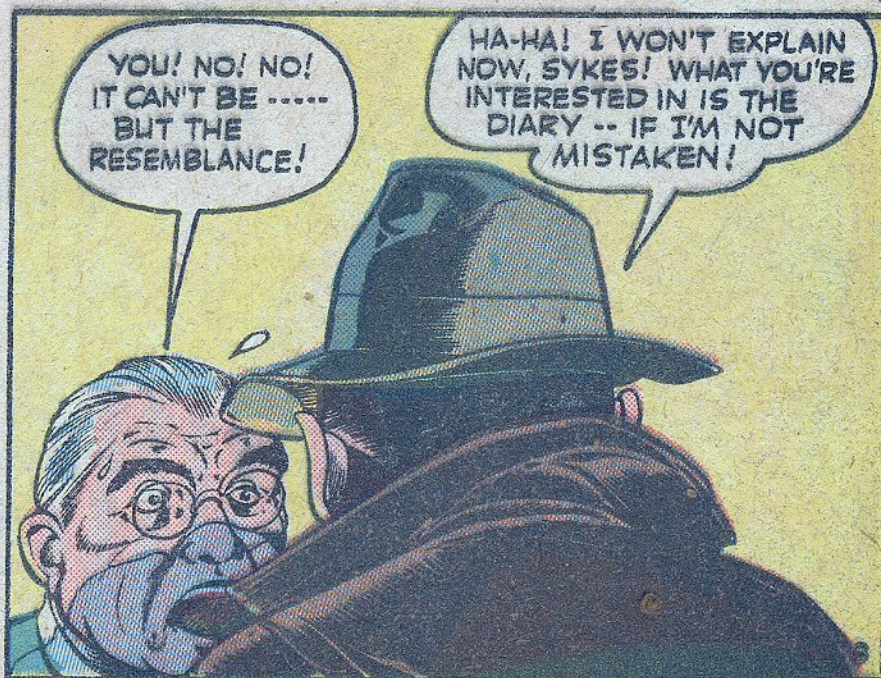
STRANGE!.. IT ISN'T HERE!



SUDDENLY...

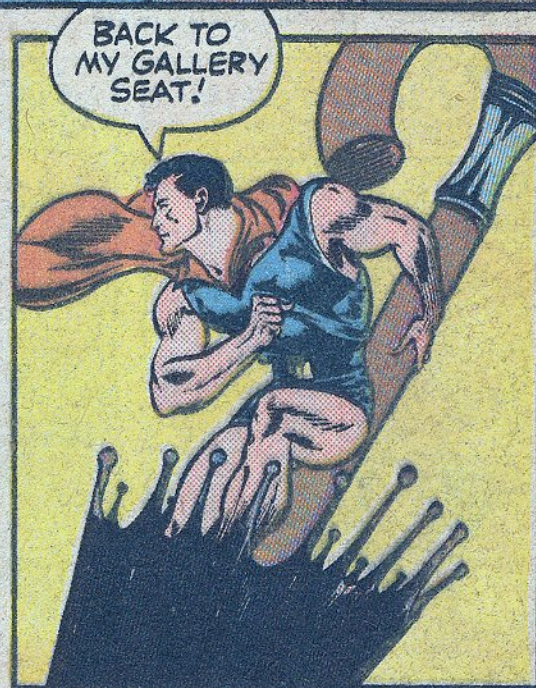
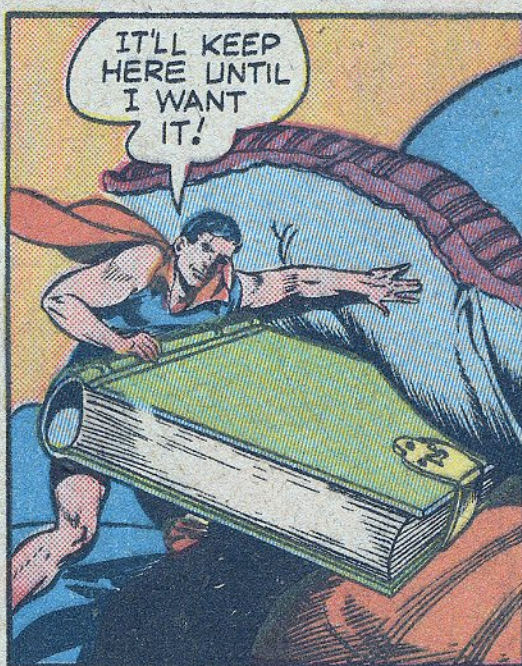
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, SYKES?

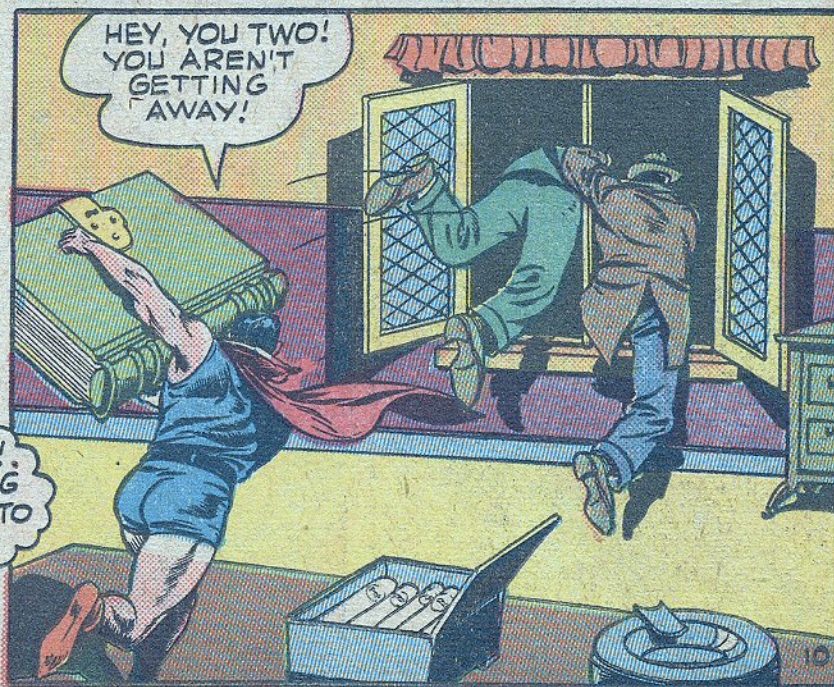
WH-- WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

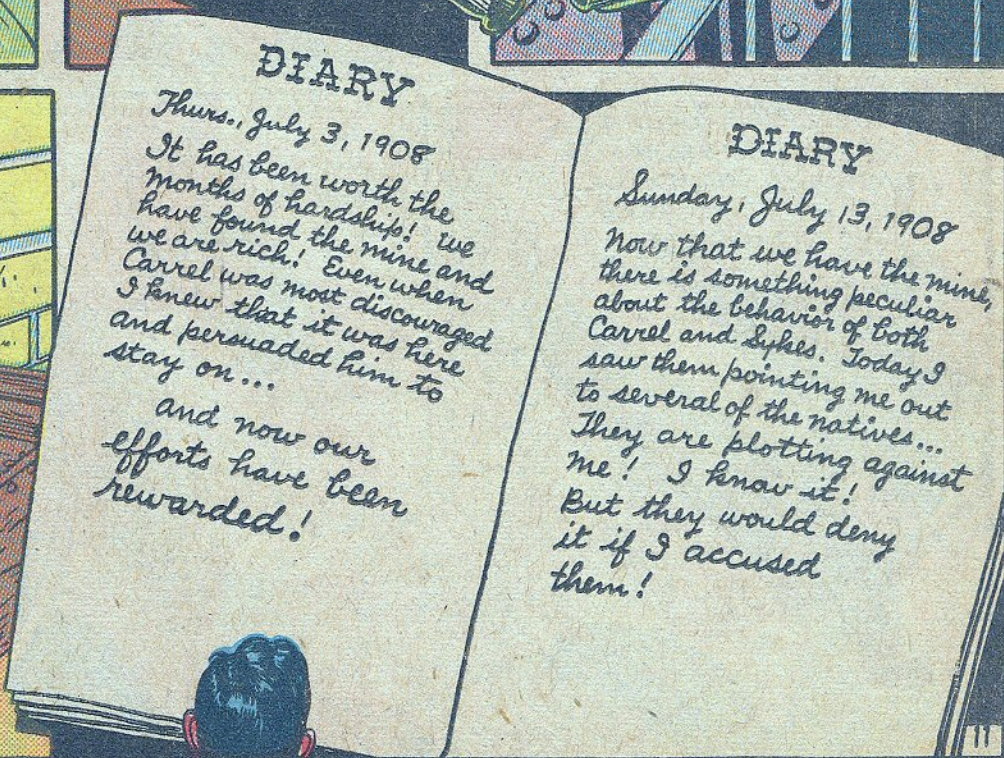
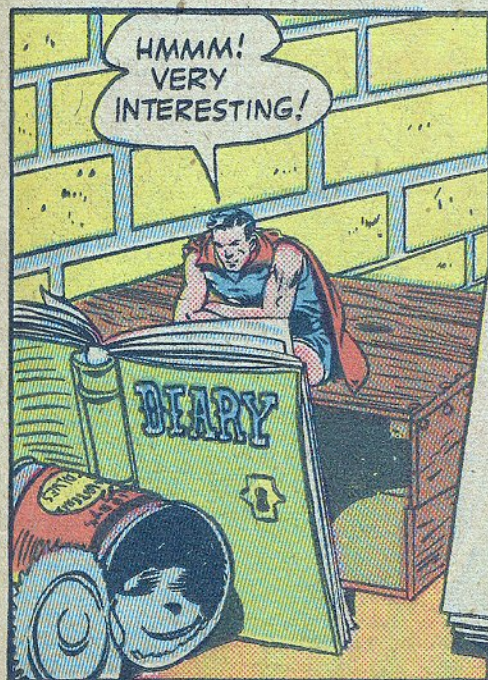


YOU! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE ----- BUT THE RESEMBLANCE!

HA-HA! I WON'T EXPLAIN NOW, SYKES! WHAT YOU'RE INTERESTED IN IS THE DIARY -- IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN!







I knew they were going to do it, and yesterday it happened! I was coming out of the mine when I saw Carrel and Sykes standing with the natives. Carrel gave the signal and the natives seized me!...



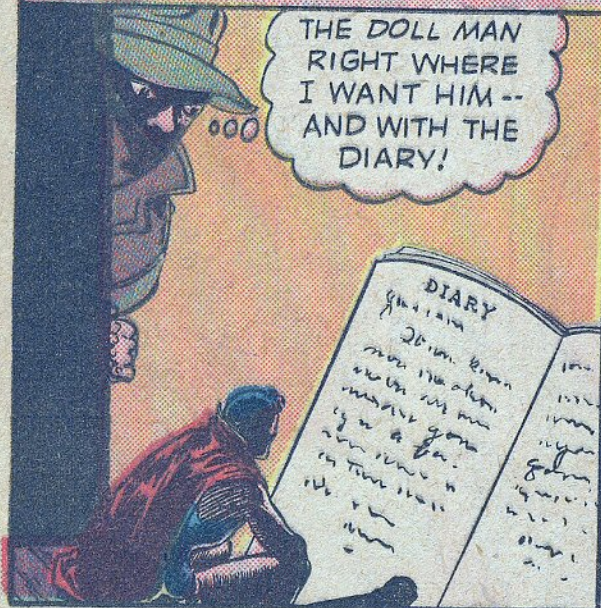
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU JACKAL! THE LAW WILL MAKE YOU PAY!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU'LL ROT HERE - AND THE LAW WILL NEVER BE THE WISER! THE MINE BELONGS TO ME AND ME ALONE!

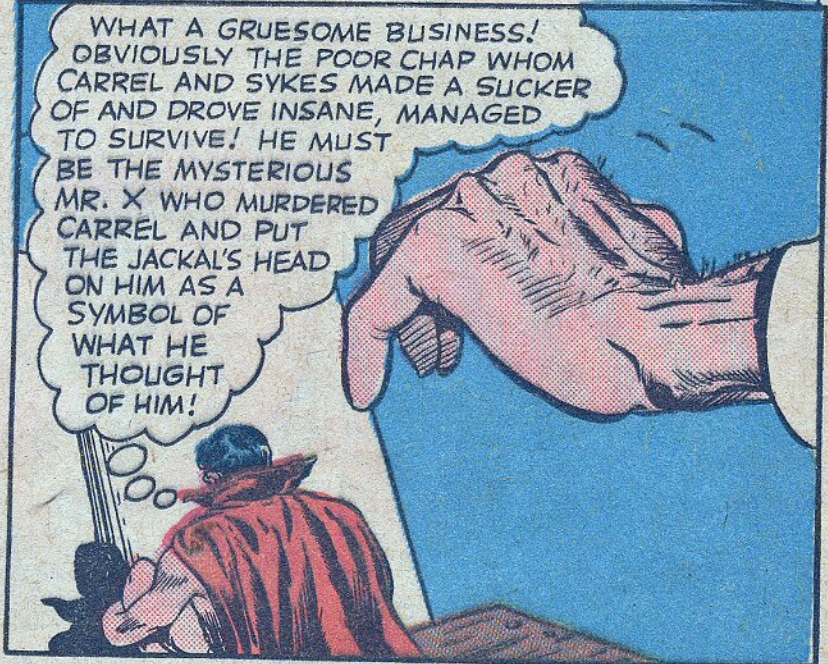


BUT AS THE DOLL MAN READS ON...

THE DOLL MAN RIGHT WHERE I WANT HIM -- AND WITH THE DIARY!



WHAT A GRUESOME BUSINESS! OBVIOUSLY THE POOR CHAP WHOM CARREL AND SYKES MADE A SUCKER OF AND DROVE INSANE, MANAGED TO SURVIVE! HE MUST BE THE MYSTERIOUS MR. X WHO MURDERED CARREL AND PUT THE JACKAL'S HEAD ON HIM AS A SYMBOL OF WHAT HE THOUGHT OF HIM!

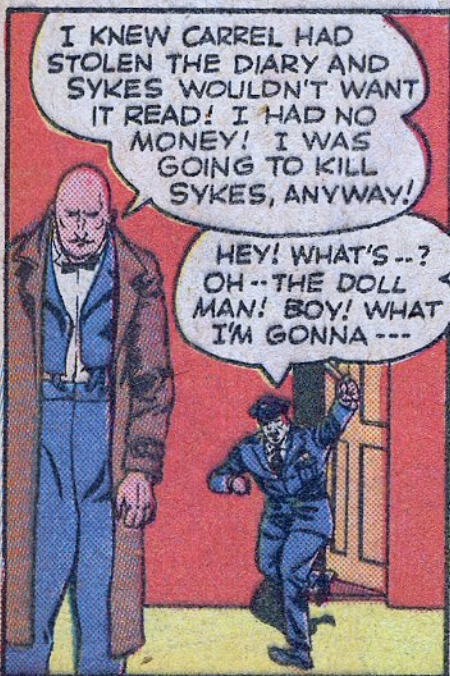
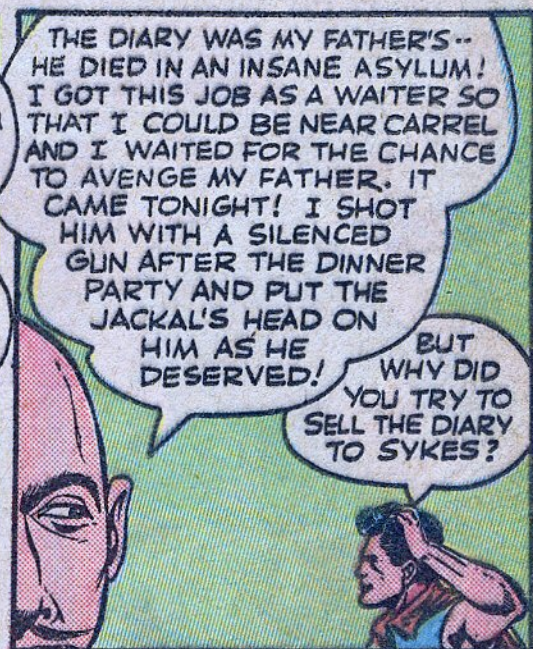
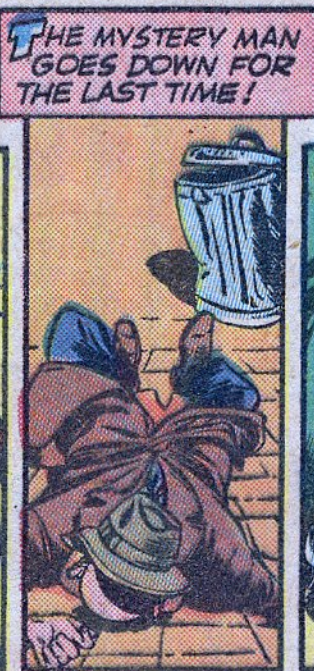


WHOEVER'S BEHIND ME DOESN'T KNOW HE'S CASTING A SHADOW... AND IT'S GOING TO BE HIS DOWNFALL!



SEEMS TO ME I'VE HAD THE PLEASURE ONCE BEFORE... OR WAS IT TWICE?





YOU'RE FIRED!
WHAT CAN A
SILLY HYPNOTIST
DO AROUND A
CIRCUS ANYWAY?

Big Top

I'LL SHOW YOU
WHAT HE CAN
DO-- YOU NOW
THINK YOU'RE
BUTCH, THE
CLOWN!

YIPPEE!
I'LL LAY 'EM
IN THE AISLES!

HEH! I JUST
HYPNOTIZED
THE BOSS
INTO THINKIN'
HE'S YOU!

HOW
LONG
WILL
THIS
SPELL
LAST?

OH, JUST
UNTIL SOMEONE
SNAPS THEIR
FINGERS!

HEY, BOSS--
DON'T YOU
THINK THIS
IS FUNNY?

SURE,
BOSS....
I MEAN
BUTCH!

AN' HE
THINKS I'M
THE BOSS--
WOW!

JUST FOR
A LAUGH?

BUT CAN
YA REALLY
TAKE IT?

MORE..
OW!
MORE!

AFTER I'M
GOOD AND
GREEN I'LL
PUT ON A
COSTUME
THAT'LL MAKE ME
EVEN SILLIER!

UH-
MUH

TAKE IT?
I LOVE IT!

Y'PLAY
IT WITH
LITTLE
CUBES
FOR
MONEY!

SWELL!
I'LL GET
A LOTTA
MONEY!

NOW SHOW
ME HOW!

OH, IT'S
VERY
SIMPLE!

IF YOU THROW A THIR-
TEEN YOU WIN, BUT
ANYTHING I THROW
FROM ONE TO
TWELVE I WIN!

WAIT.. I
WANNA SHOW
YOU A NEW
GAME!

LET'S
GO

SNAP!

PFFT!

SO I WIN
ALL YOUR
MONEY..
SIMPLE
ISN'T
IT?

OH
VERY!

AS SIMPLE
AS GIVIN' A
KITTY HIS
BREAKFAST.
YOU BURGLAR!

HELP!

MAN EATING
LION

NOT FOR A WHILE,
BUTCH--DUE TO THE
MEN SHORTAGE, I'VE
GOT A JOB DOWN!
HERE!

I'M THE ONLY
LIFE GUARD
ON DUTY HERE
RIGHT NOW!

SO I'LL
JUST HAVE
TO SIT
HERE
TIL
SOME-
ONE
CALLS
FOR
AID!

WHILE I SIT
BELOW AND
HEAR THEM
SEA-WOLVES
HOLLER
'HELP' BY
THE
HUNDREDS!

GUESS
YOU'RE
JUST OUTTA
LUCK, BUTCH!

I
WONDER

**LIFE
GUARD**



HELP!

**LIFE
GUARD!**

LADY
LIFE
GUARD!

HELP!
HELP!

CRAMP

CRAMP!

CRAMP!
CRAMP!
CRAMP!

**HELP!
LIFE
GUARD!**

**BLONDE
LIFE
GUARD!**

HELP!

HELP!

HEY!
WHERE'S THAT
LIFE-GUARD?

I WONDER

**LIFE
GUARD**

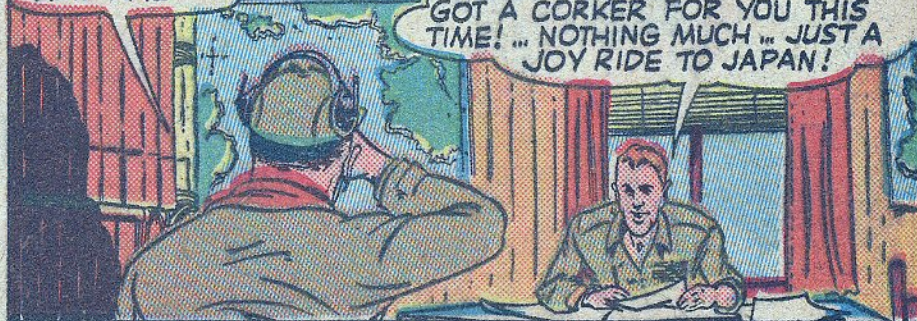
CAPT. SPIN SHAW



ANSWERING AN URGENT CALL, CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW, U.S.N., RUSHES TO ONE OF OUR SECRET NAVAL BASES IN THE PACIFIC... IN A GRUMMAN TBF...

CAPTAIN SHAW REPORTING, ADMIRAL ---

SPIN!! ... OL' CAP'N TROUBLE-SHOOTER HISSELF! ... HAVE I GOT A CORKER FOR YOU THIS TIME! ... NOTHING MUCH ... JUST A JOY RIDE TO JAPAN!



BILL EVANS WILL BE YOUR NAVIGATOR AND HE'LL GET YOU THERE OKAY ... NOW, HERE ... HEY! ARE YOU LISTENIN'?

YEAH ... SURE ... BUT I WAS JUST WONDERING IF THAT GARDENER COULDN'T HEAR EVERYTHING WE SAY?!!

ONE OF OUR AGENTS THERE POSES AS A FARMER AND HAS AN UNDERWATER RICE-FIELD -- OR AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE ... IT'S REALLY AN UNDERWATER AIRFIELD! ... ONE WE'LL USE WHEN WE INVADE JAPAN!

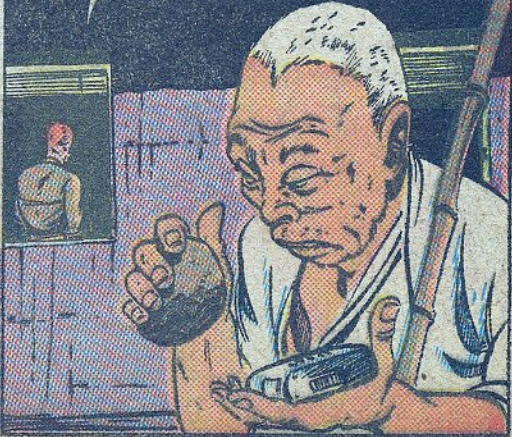
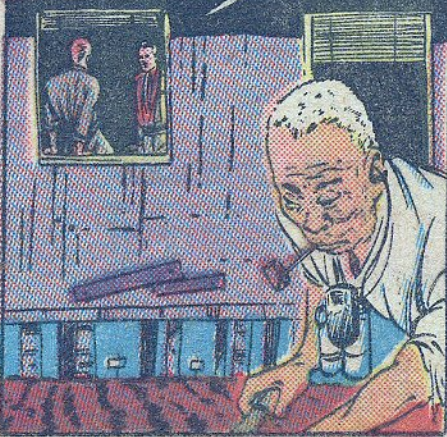


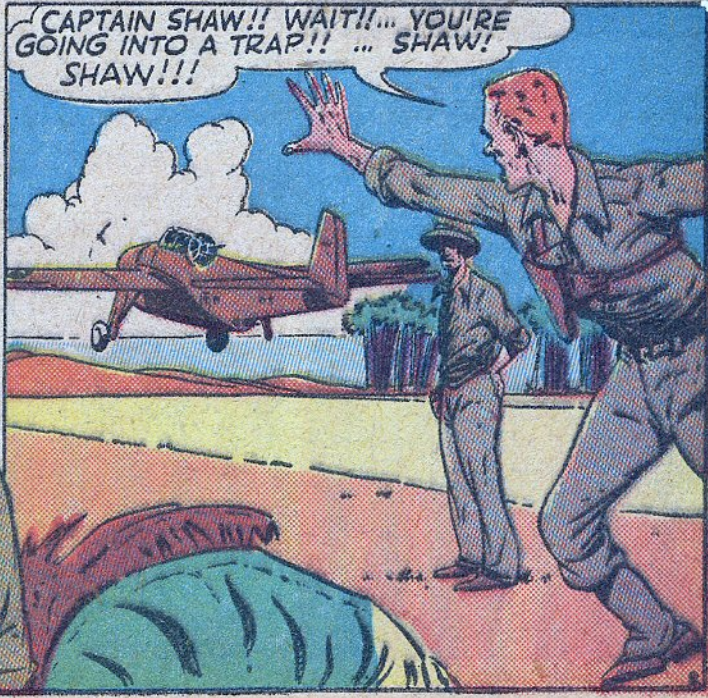
NOW ... ABOUT GETTING PAST THE INTERCEPTOR PATROLS AND OBSERVERS ... A PATROL PASSES TEN MILES FROM THE FIELD AT EXACTLY FOUR A.M. ... YOU WAIT FOR IT, AND RIDE IN WITH IT ... UNSEEN, OF COURSE ...

IT'S PANTASTIC!

PERHAPS ... BUT WE MUST GET THAT INFORMATION ... INCIDENTALLY, YOU'LL RECOGNIZE OUR AGENT BY A HUGE YELLOW HAT AND LIGHT BLUE SHIRT... AFTER YOU PICK HIM UP, GO LIKE BLAZES OUT TO SEA ... AND OUR PLANES WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU ...

WHO? ... KIDEKI? HA-HA! ... NO WORRY THERE! HE HATES TOJO! AND HE'S SO DEAF THAT "SPARKS" FIXED HIM UP AN AMPLIFIER FOR HIS EARS ... NOW HE CAN HEAR A LITTLE, BUT WE STILL HAVE TO SHOUT ... DON'T WORRY, HE'S ALL RIGHT...





MEANWHILE, ON A SMALL FIELD IN JAPAN, THE AMERICAN AGENT, CALMLY WORKS ON HIS "PADDY" FIELD WHEN FOUR MEN CROSS FROM THE FAR SIDE...



WELL DONE! ... THE TRAITOR IS DEAD!! ... QUICK! CHANGE CLOTHES AND WE WILL THEN BE READY FOR THE AMERICAN ...

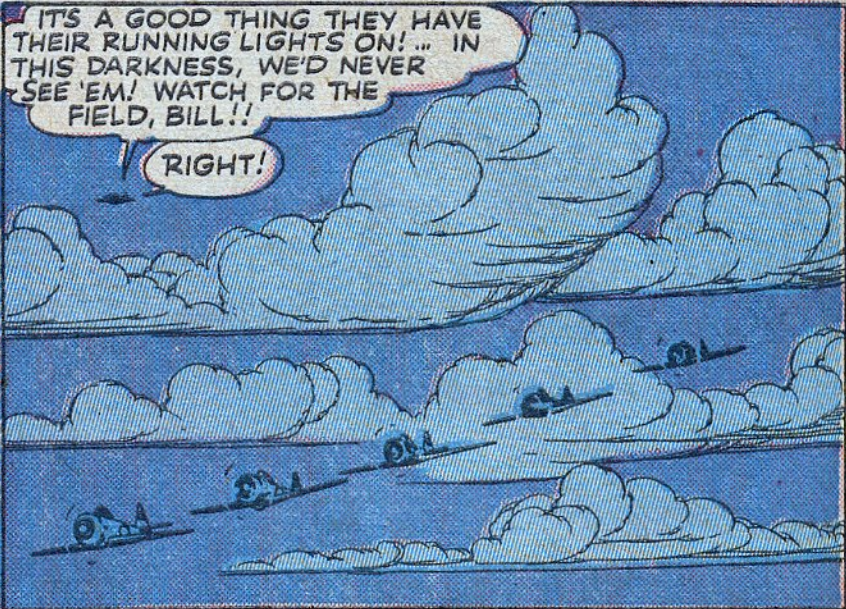
THAT NIGHT ... JUST BEFORE DAWN...

THERE GOES THE PATROL! HERE'S HOPING THEY DON'T SEE US!



IT'S A GOOD THING THEY HAVE THEIR RUNNING LIGHTS ON! ... IN THIS DARKNESS, WE'D NEVER SEE 'EM! WATCH FOR THE FIELD, BILL!!

RIGHT!



IT'S ABOUT HERE, SPIN!... BETTER SET HER DOWN!



AH SA! ... LISTEN, KOKO! DO YOU NOT HEAR A PLANE? ... IT IS SO DARK I CAN NOT SEE! IT IS ONLY THE PATROL! ... FEAR NOT!!



WHEW ... SO FAR, SO GOOD! HERE COMES OUR BOY! ... HE FITS THE DESCRIPTION ALL RIGHT!...



COME ON, PAL! ... THIS ISN'T VERY FRIENDLY COUNTRY!
IN A MOMENT! ... WAIT! I MUST GET SOME THINGS!



HURRY UP! ... YOU MIGHT'VE BEEN FOLLOWED AND ... WAIT! I JUST SAW SOMETHING MOVE BEHIND THOSE TREES! LOOK! THERE'S A BAYONET!! SOLDIERS!! GET IN, BROTHER! WE'RE LEAVING!!



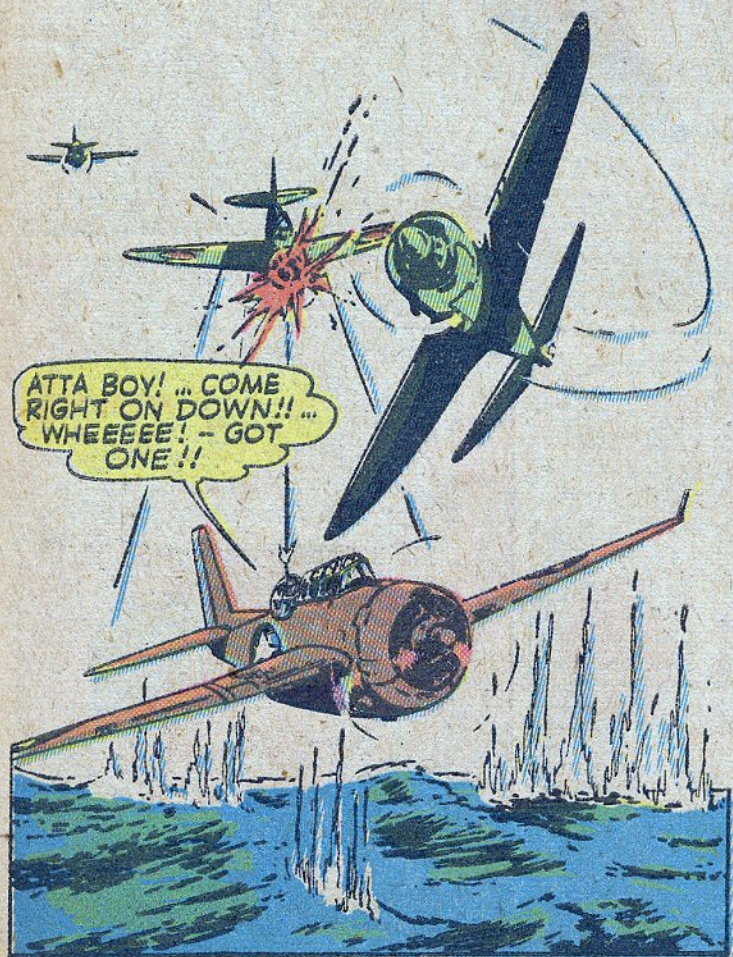
AI! AI! AWRRRK! ... FOOL! ... PIG!! THEY'VE GOTTEN AWAY!! ... OH, YOU IDIOT!! ... WHY DID YOU MOVE SO THEY COULD SEE YOU?? BAH!! ... DOG!!



OH, BOY! OH, BOY! ... THAT WAS CLOSE!! ... IT'S GETTIN' LIGHT, TOO! WE'D BETTER SCRAM ... AND QUICK!!



WELL ... WE'RE OUT OVER THE SEA, ANYWAY, AND ----- OH-OH!
AND WE MAY BE IN IT ANY MINUTE NOW! SKIM THE WAVES, PAL! ... WE HAVE COMPANY!



ATTA BOY! ... COME RIGHT ON DOWN!! ... WHEEEEE! - GOT ONE!!



COME ON, TOJO! COME AN' GET IT!!





ATTENTION! ... THERE'S SPIN! ... AND A COUPLE OF ZEROES! ... SIC 'EM!!



OH, BROTHER! ... JUST IN TIME!! ... I LOST THREE YEARS' GROWTH!



THREE HOURS LATER...

I BROUGHT BACK YOUR MAN, CASEY ... BUT I'M AFRAID HE'S DEAD ... I'M SORRY...

YOU'RE SORRY!! ... OH, BROTHER! WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU!!



AN HOUR LATER...

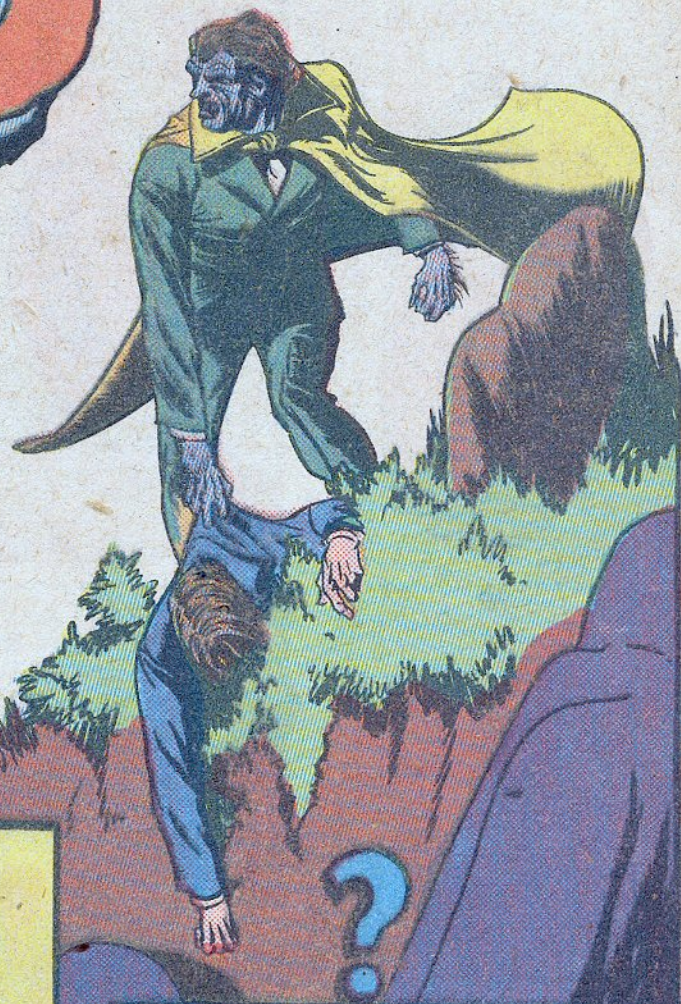
YEP! ... I GUESS I'M PRETTY LUCKY TO GET BACK ... AND I'M GLAD BILL WILL RECOVER, BUT I'M STILL SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET YOUR INFORMATION!

OH, BUT WE DID! ... YOU SEE, ALL WE WANTED TO KNOW WAS WRITTEN IN INVISIBLE INK ON OUR AGENT'S SHIRT! ... SO, YOUR MISSION WAS A SUCCESS, AFTER ALL!

THAT'S SWELL! ... BUT, BOY!! ... IF YOU MUST SEND ME OUT ON ANY JOY RIDES, PLEASE-- NOT TO JAPAN!



ZERO



THERE ARE SOME THINGS UNKNOWN TO MAN -- THINGS WHICH REACH INTO ANOTHER WORLD! SOME OF US SCOFF AT GHOSTS WHICH TRY TO FIGHT THEIR WAY BACK INTO THE LAND OF THE LIVING ... BUT MORE TO BE DREADED IS THE WEREWOLF -- A WARPED HUMAN SOUL!... A FIENDISH CREATURE WHICH CAN BE KILLED ONLY BY DRIVING A STAKE THROUGH ITS BLACK HEART!

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A WEREWOLF TAKES UP THE SCENT OF **ZERO**... PEER OF ALL GHOST DETECTIVES?

A WILD STORM RAGES OVER THE HOME OF DR. TURNER, INTIMATE FRIEND OF **ZERO**...

IT'S A PERFECT NIGHT FOR GHOST STORIES, MR. ZERO! PLEASE TELL US SOME OF YOUR ADVENTURES!



WELL... SOME OF THE STORIES AREN'T VERY PLEASANT TO TALK ABOUT...

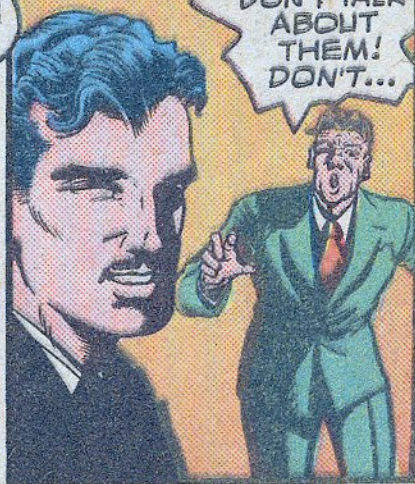
OH!! WHAT WAS THAT?!!

NOTHING, LILA... JUST THE SHUTTERS SLAMMING!



I REMEMBER ONE EXPERIENCE I HAD WITH A WEREWOLF!...

STOP! DON'T TALK ABOUT THEM! DON'T...



TALKING ABOUT
WEREWOLVES BRINGS
THEM BACK TO LIFE!
... PLEASE!



SUDDENLY THE WILD,
INHUMAN CRY OF A
HUMAN WEREWOLF!



LISTEN! --SOUNDS
LIKE THE HOWL
OF A ...

IT IS! ...
IT'S THE
WEREWOLF!

OOHHH!



MAYBE IT'S
JUST THE WIND!
--BUT I THINK
I'LL HAVE A
LOOK!

ME, TOO! ..
SOMEONE
MAY BE
PLAYING
A JOKE
ON US ..
I HOPE!

DON'T SEE ANYTHING!
PROBABLY A DOG! --
OUR NERVES
ARE SOMEWHAT
KEYED UP!

BACK TO
THE HOUSE!
WE'LL CATCH
COLD OUT
HERE!



IT'S LILA!
LILA!
SOMETHING
TERRIBLE
HAS
HAPPENED!

FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE, ZERO!
WHAT KILLED
HER?

THE TEETH MARKS
ARE THOSE OF
A WEREWOLF!

LILA! OHHH ...
MY POOR
SISTER!
SHE'S DEAD!



KEEP EVERYONE TOGETHER, DOCTOR!
I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR
THAT THING!

BE
CAREFUL,
ZERO!







A LITTLE MORE ...
JUST A LITTLE
MORE! ...

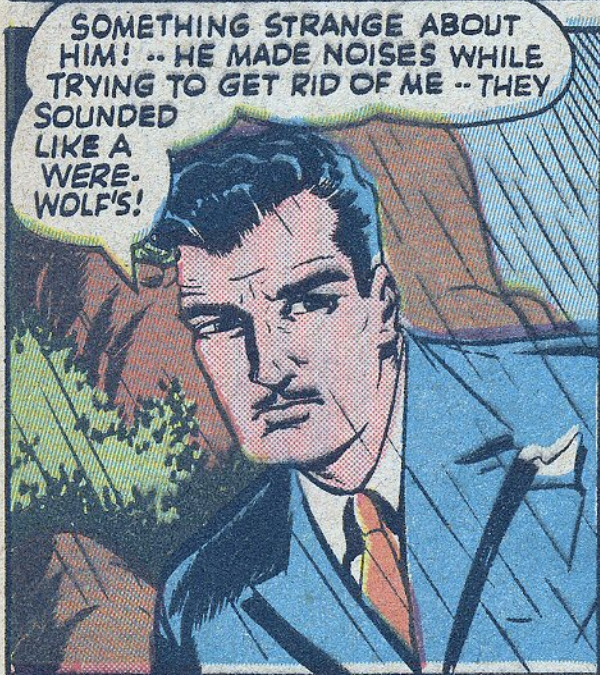
GRRR-R!



SUDDENLY THE ATTACKER TEARS HIMSELF LOOSE
FROM ZERO AND FLEES TOWARD THE BEACH!

THAT DID IT! ...
HE LEFT HIS CLOAK!
HEY! IT'S THE
DEAD GIRL'S
BROTHER,
JIM!

THAT FOOL IS
RESPONSIBLE
FOR MY SISTER'S
DEATH! I'LL
KILL
HIM!



SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT
HIM! -- HE MADE NOISES WHILE
TRYING TO GET RID OF ME -- THEY
SOUNDED
LIKE A
WERE-
WOLF'S!



BUT, SUDDENLY, A WEREWOLF
APPEARS AND ATTACKS THE
FLEEING BROTHER!

**HELP!
HEL...**



A WEREWOLF!
A GHOST WEREWOLF!
IT'S GOT HIM!!
I MUST ATTRACT
IT'S ATTENTION
-- WHILE
THERE'S STILL
TIME ---



NOW IF I CAN
DRIVE THIS
STAKE
THROUGH
THAT
KILLER'S
HEART!

GRRR!



GOT HIM! ... OOP!!
THERE GOES MY
WEAPON! ... NOW
WHAT!

ONCE MORE THE WILD INHUMAN THING RETURNS TO THE ATTACK!

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE ZERO HOUR FOR ZERO!

MY GHOST DISINTEGRATOR! ...MAYBE IT'LL WORK ON THIS THING! IT'S MY LAST CHANCE!

THE GHOST DISINTEGRATOR IS ZERO'S LAST CHANCE! BUT WILL IT WORK ON A WEREWOLF!??

IT WORKED! IT WORKED! WHEW! I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE END!

ZERO!..ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WE HEARD SOME HORRIBLE SOUNDS AND THOUGHT..

I'M FINE.. BUT THE GHOST WEREWOLF GOT THE GIRL'S BROTHER, JIM! HE'S OVER THERE! LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO!

LOOK! HIS FACE HAS CHANGED TO THAT OF A WEREWOLF'S! -- COULD JIM HAVE BEEN A WEREWOLF ALL THIS TIME? DID HE KILL HIS SISTER, ZERO?

NO, THE GHOST WEREWOLF KILLED JIM'S SISTER AND THEN KILLED HIM, BUT, STRANGELY ENOUGH, JIM WAS ALSO A WEREWOLF!

FOLLOW THE MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES OF ZERO IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF FEATURE COMICS!

SWING Sisson

by
PHIL
MARTIN



SEE THAT
HEADLINE....?
YES, YOU READ
IT RIGHT THE
FIRST TIME. "SWING
Sisson MURDERED."
SURPRISED? WELL,
MAYBE YOU AREN'T
THE ONLY
ONE
.....

IT ALL STARTED
THIS WAY....LAST
MONTH SWING
Sisson, THE
BATTLING BAND
LEADER, TURNED
OVER TO THE
POLICE, YVONNE
AND ALL OF
HER GANG....OR
SO HE THOUGHT!
ACTUALLY ONLY
HALF THE
CROOKS WERE
CAPTURED--AND,
UNKNOWN TO
SWING, THE
REST OF THE
THUGS ARE
STILL AT
LARGE.....



YEP, WE'VE GOT TO SPRING
YVONNE---THAT'S SURE! BUT
WE'LL HAVE TO GET THAT
BAND LEADER OUTTA THE
WAY SOMEHOW, BEFORE
WE CAN GET AWAY
WITH IT!

RIGHT!
AND I'VE
GOT THE
ANSWER...



...BOYS, MEET
TWITCHY DAWKINS!
HE'S OFFERED TO
...ELIMINATE
SWING Sisson
FOR FIVE
HUNDRED
BUCKS..AND
SAVE US
THE
TROUBLE!

THE CLOVER CLUB...WHERE SWEET MELODY IS SERVED OUT BY SWING AND HIS ORCHESTRA....



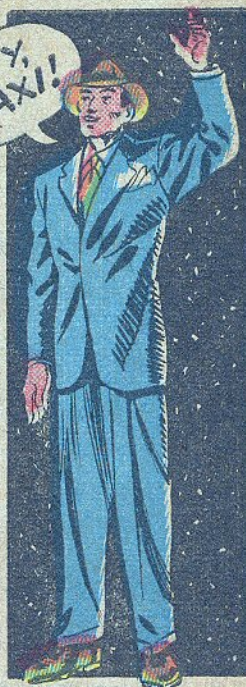
AFTER THE CLUB HAS CLOSED...



BONNIE AND I ARE GOING TO GET A BITE TO EAT, SWING----- WANNA COME ALONG?

NO, THANKS, TOBY... I'M GOING RIGHT TO THE HOTEL AND GET SOME SLEEP!

HEY, TAXI!



DRIVER, TAKE ME TO....

GET IN DA FRONT SEAT, BUD.... QUIET OR I'LL BLOW YA TO KINGDOM COME!!



YOU'VE PLAYED YOUR LAST SOUR NOTE, SISSON!

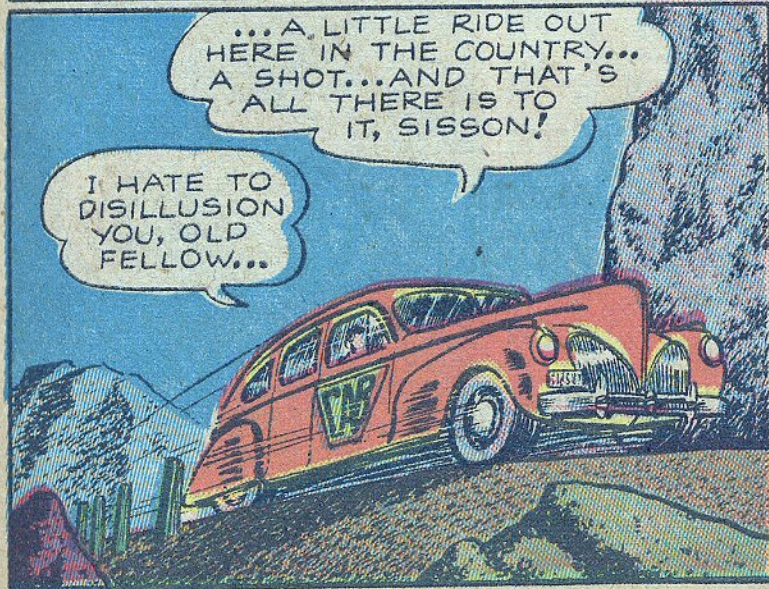
WH...WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? A ROBBERY?



THE THUG TELLS SWING OF BEING HIRED BY YVONNE'S GANG TO DISPOSE OF HIM...

...A LITTLE RIDE OUT HERE IN THE COUNTRY... A SHOT...AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT, SISSON!

I HATE TO DISILLUSION YOU, OLD FELLOW...



...BUT I JUST CAN'T SEE THINGS YOUR WAY!!





NOW WHO'S DOING THE KICKING, MUG!!

SWING FEIGNS UNCONSCIOUSNESS

I GUESS THAT'LL KEEP HIS YAP SHUT FER A WHILE!

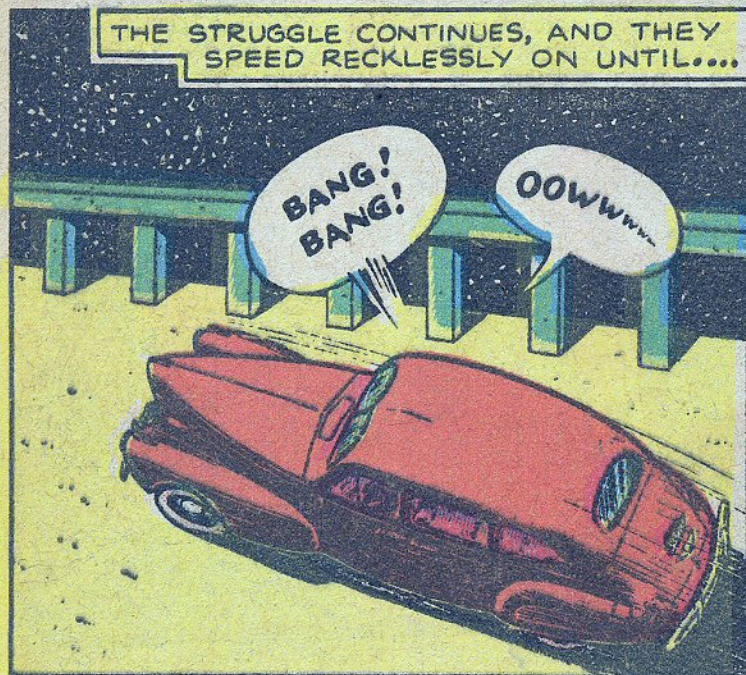
THAT HURT!! HE THINKS I'M OUT...I'LL CATCH HIM OFF GUARD



SUDDENLY:

I'LL MAKE YOU LAUGH OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR FACE!!

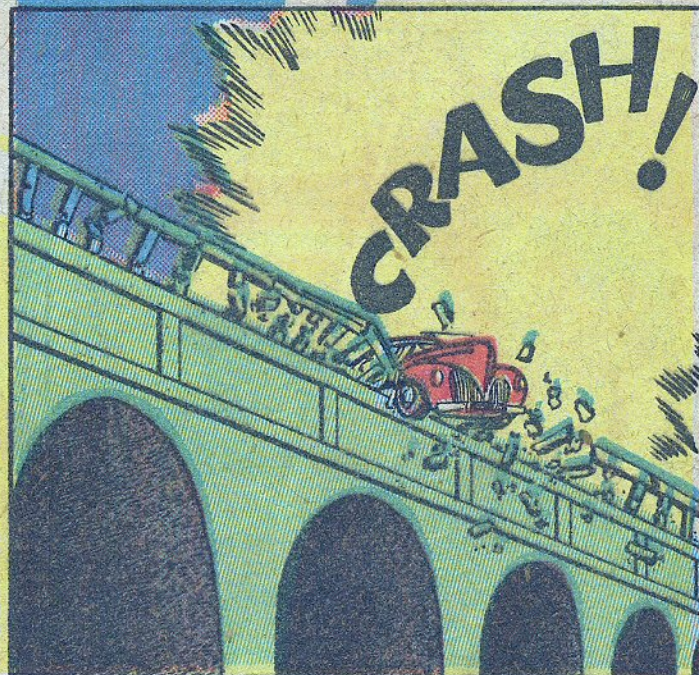
UGHH...



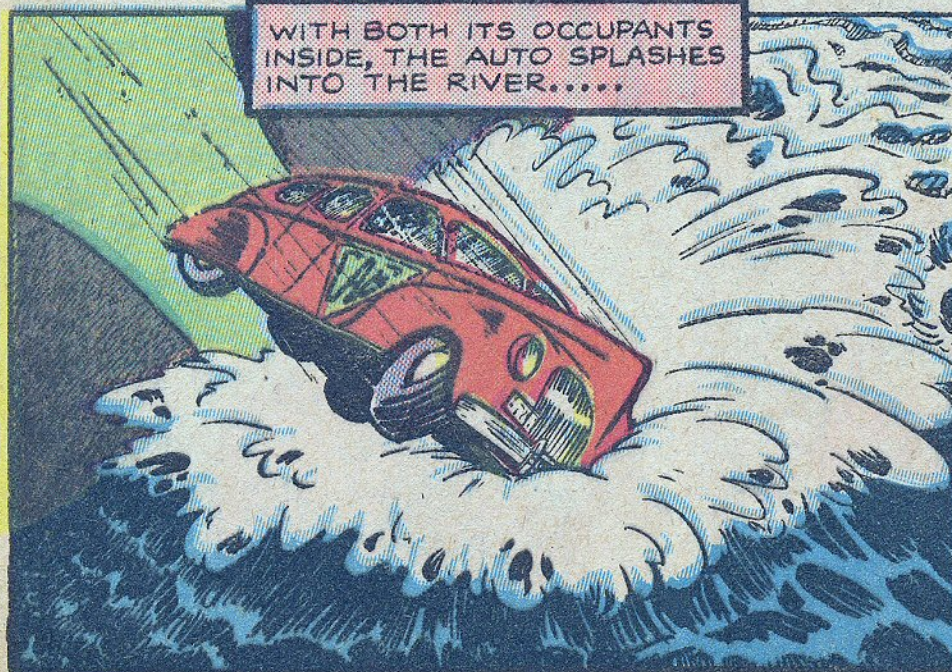
THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES, AND THEY SPEED RECKLESSLY ON UNTIL....

BANG! BANG!

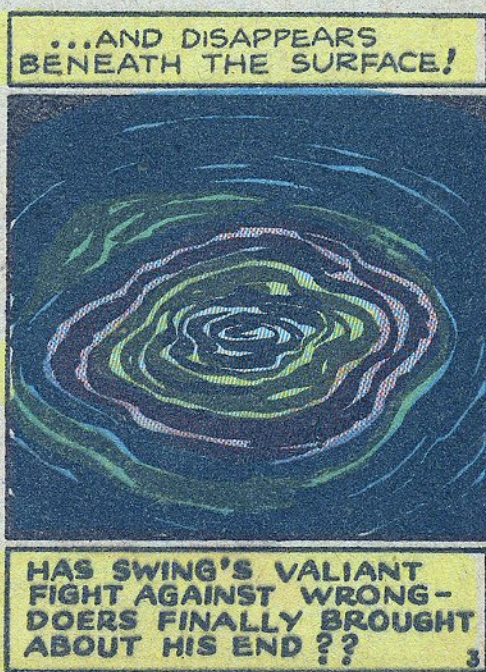
OOOWWWW



CRASH!



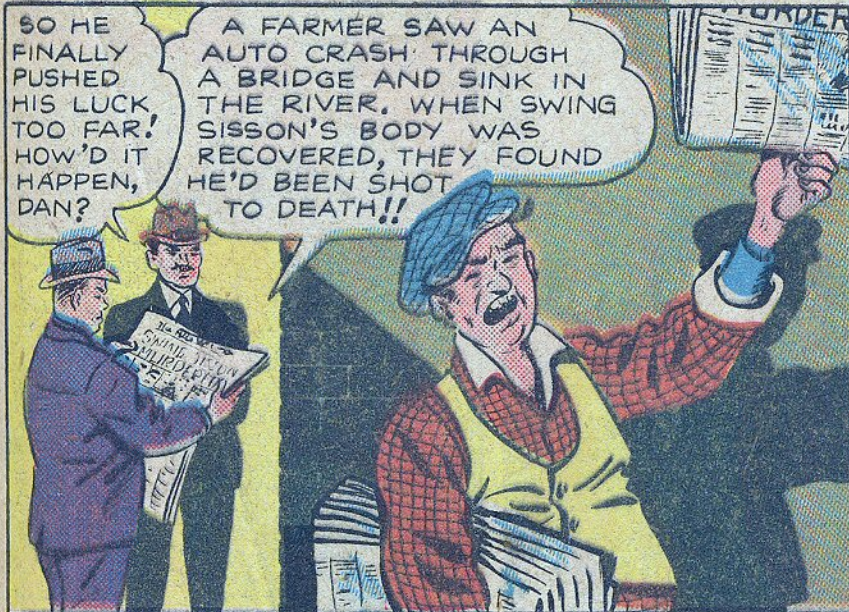
WITH BOTH ITS OCCUPANTS INSIDE, THE AUTO SPLASHES INTO THE RIVER.....



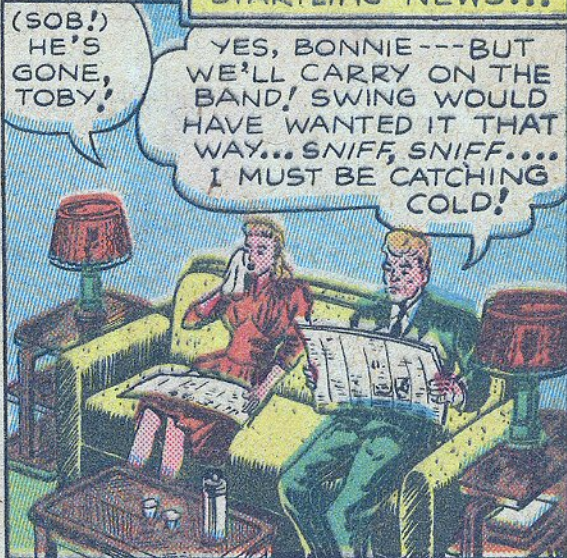
...AND DISAPPEARS BENEATH THE SURFACE!

HAS SWING'S VALIANT FIGHT AGAINST WRONG-DOERS FINALLY BROUGHT ABOUT HIS END??

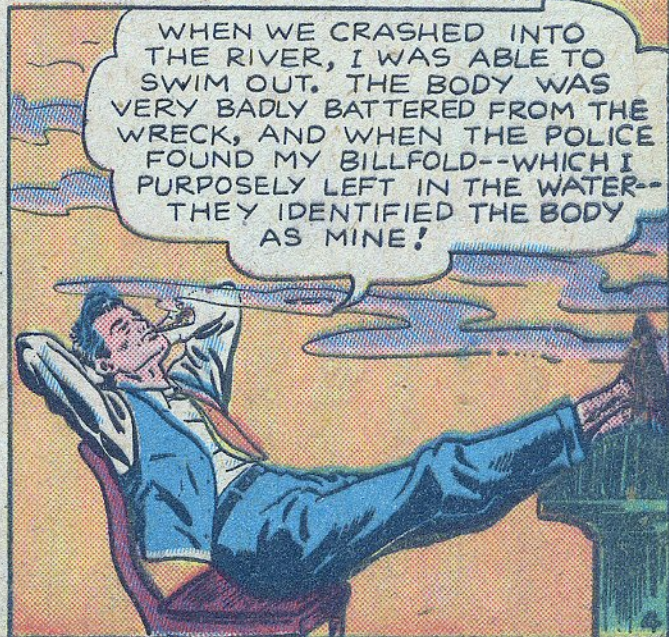
NEXT MORNING HEADLINES TELL OF THE TRAGEDY....



BONNIE AND TOBY, SWING'S CLOSEST FRIENDS, READ THE STARTLING NEWS...



SWING EXPLAINS HOW HE WAS ABDUCTED....





BUT, SWING, WHY'D YOU LET EVERY-ONE THINK YOU WERE DEAD?

IT'S ALL PART OF A PLAN... LISTEN....



SO NOW WE'RE SURE SISSON'S OUTTA THE WAY... EH, BOSS?

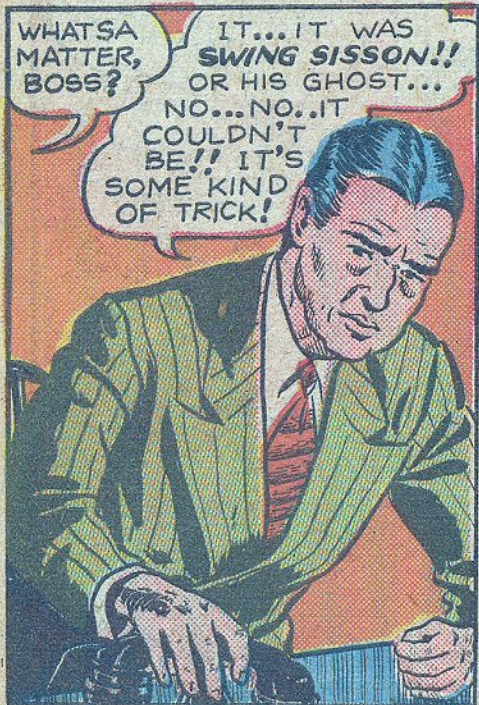
CERTAINLY! I THINK I'LL EVEN GO TO HIS FUNERAL... JUST FOR LAUGHS!



THE PHONE RINGS.....

HELLO...

YOU HAD ME KILLED... BUT I'LL RETURN AND HAUNT YOU THUGS FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES! CLICK!



WHATSA MATTER, BOSS?

IT...IT WAS SWING SISSON!! OR HIS GHOST...

NO...NO..IT COULDN'T BE!! IT'S SOME KIND OF TRICK!



THE GAYETY VANISHES... AND A DEBATE ENSUES...

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS SPOOKS, BERT!

SURE THERE IS, DOPE!

YOU'RE BOTH CRAZY! NOW I THINK...



SUDDENLY:

GREETINGS, MEN. WE'VE BROUGHT THE GHOST OF SWING SISSON TO HAUNT YOU!!



YEEOW!! LEMME OUTTA HERE!!

IT'S TRUE! HIS GHOST HAS COME BACK!!

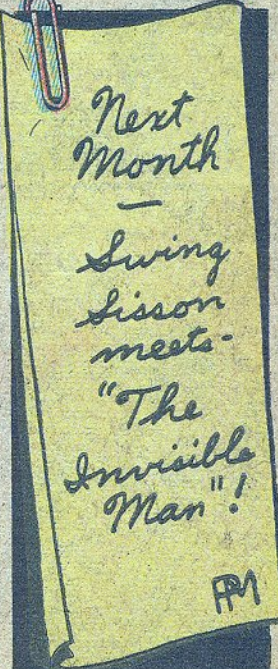
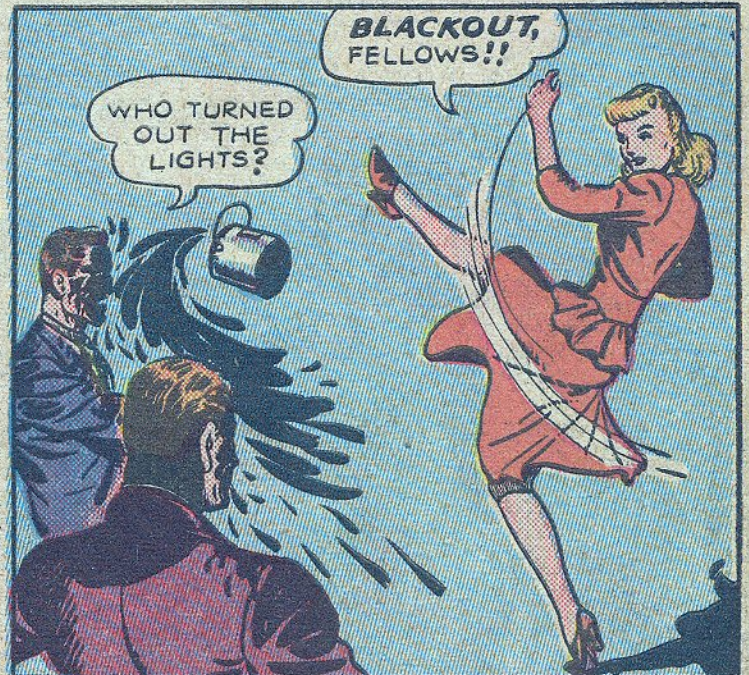


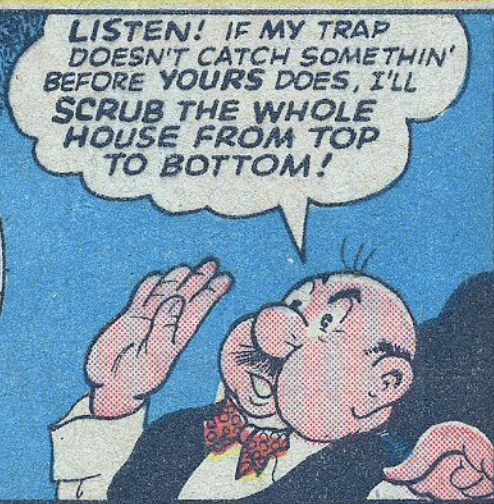
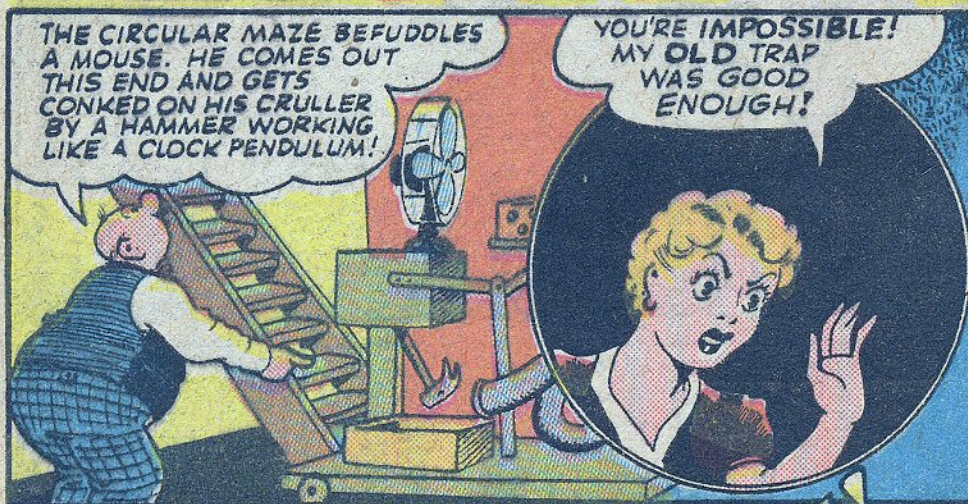
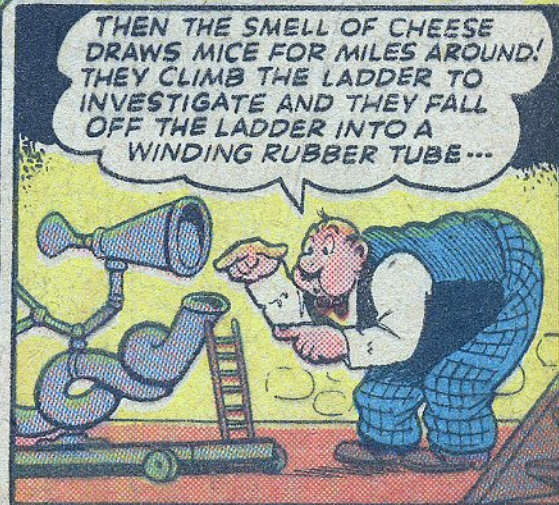
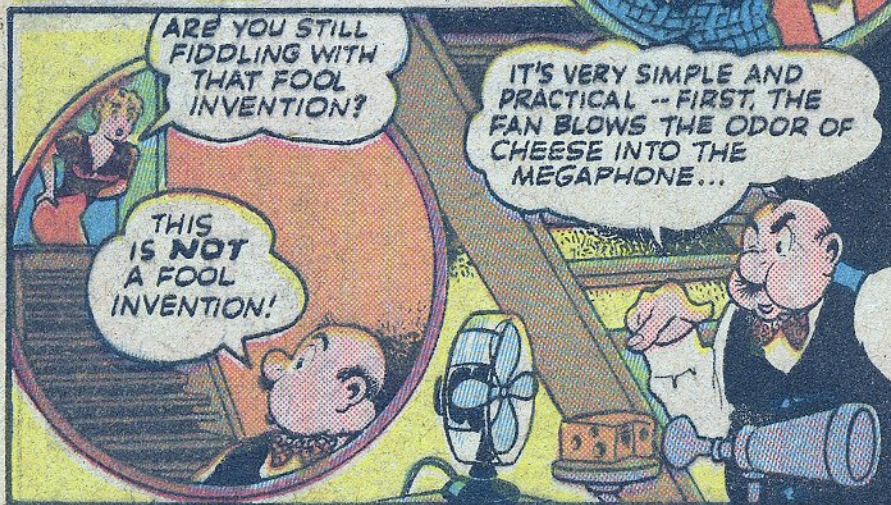
SOME-BODY SHOOT 'IM!

YOU CAN'T SHOOT A GHOST, FOOL!



AT LEAST I CAN TRY!!





BUT MADAM--THIS
HINKY DINK HANDY
CAN-OPENER, HACK
SAW AND DIAMOND
CUTTER I'M
SELLING---

NOT TODAY!
GOOD
BYE!

PEDDLERS AND
BILL-COLLECTORS--
BEEN DRIVING ME
CRAZY ALL DAY
LONG!

IT'S THREE OF 'EM
AT ONCE NOW --
BUTCHER, BAKER
AND BEAR-SKIN
RUG MAN!

RINNING
RINNING

BELLS!
BELLS!
BELLS!
BILLS! BILLS!
BILLS! --WHAT
WILL
I DO?

AND
ANOTHER
ONE! I'LL
BE A
NERVOUS
WRECK
IF THIS
KEEPS
UP!

OKAY! IF YOU WANT
TO GO THROUGH LIFE
BEING A FAT IGNORAMUS,
DON'T BUY THIS POCKET
ENCYCLOPEDIA
ON PRE-HISTORIC
FISH-LIFE!

D'YA KNOW, LALA...
I GOT A IDEA!

FIRST--IT'S
BELLS... AND
NOW A
MIRACLE!!
WHAT
NEXT?

LATER...

WHERE
ARE YOU
TAKING
THOSE
PLACARDS
AND
PAINT?

YOU'LL
FIND
OUT IN
A FEW
MINUTES!

WHAT
ON EARTH
???

?

75¢ REWARD
FOR KILLER
GORILLA
LAST SEEN
ROMPING HERE

DELAYED
ACTION BOMB
MISLAID ON LAWN

MAD
DOG!

KING
COBRA
FARM

QUICK
SAND

RIFLE
RANGE
FOR
DIPSO-
MANIACS

HAUNTED
HOUSE

POISON
IVY
NURSERY

MAD DOCTOR
OFFICE HOURS!
ANY TIME!

POX!
-SMALL
AND
CHICKEN

CAUTION!
HEAD
HUNTERS
AT PLAY

HONOR
SYSTEM
BOOBY
HATCH!

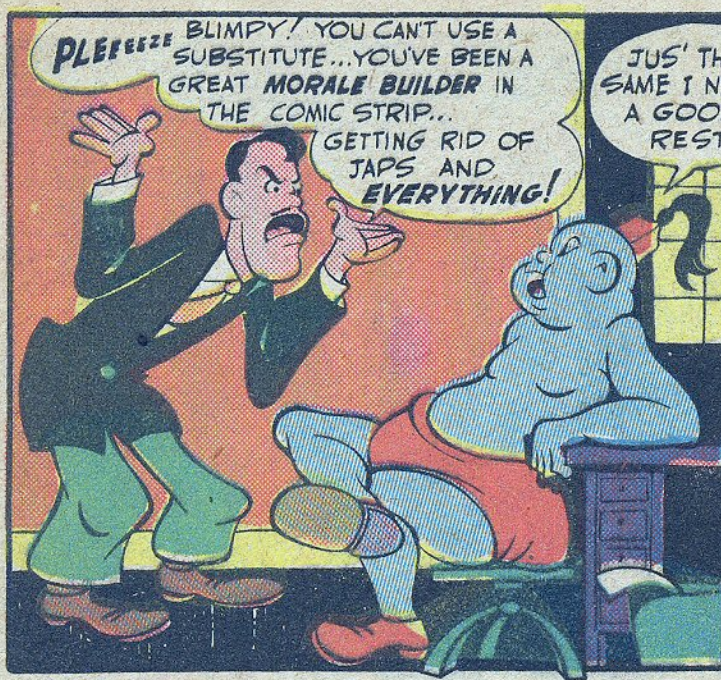


by AL STAHL
BLIMPY
 THE BUNGLING
 BUDDHA

BLIMPY
 WELL KNOWN COMIC
 CHARACTER OF FEATURE
 COMICS MAGAZINE IS
 LOOKING FOR A SUBSTITUTE
 TO TAKE HIS PLACE WHILE
 ON VACATION... APPLICANTS
 MUST BE FIVE BY FIVE
 STRONG AND PLEASINGLY
 PLUMP... 4F'S CONSIDERED
 APPLY IN PERSON

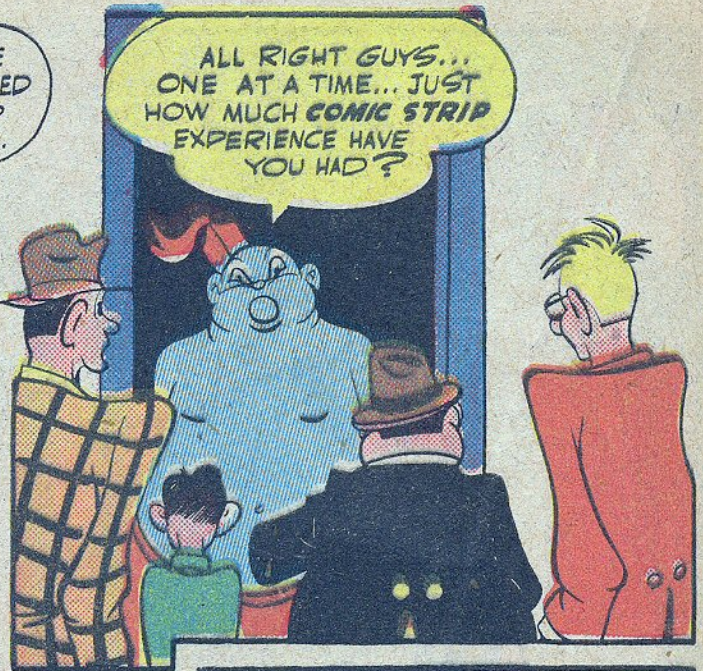


READERS... WE'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU
 WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A FAMOUS
 COMIC PERSONALITY HIRES A SUB-
 STITUTE... NOW... ON WITH THE
 INTERVIEW...



PLEASE BLIMPY! YOU CAN'T USE A SUBSTITUTE...YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT MORALE BUILDER IN THE COMIC STRIP... GETTING RID OF JAPS AND EVERYTHING!

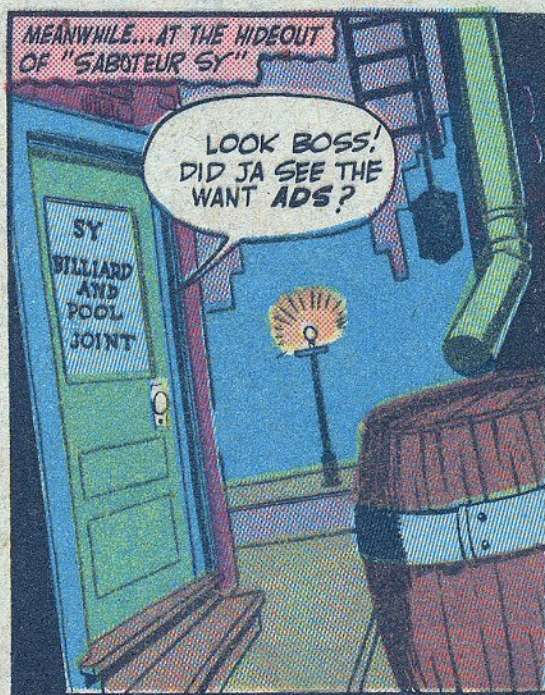
JUS' THE SAME I NEED A GOOD REST...



ALL RIGHT GUYS... ONE AT A TIME... JUST HOW MUCH COMIC STRIP EXPERIENCE HAVE YOU HAD?



GEE, MR. BLIMPY, WON'T YA CONSIDER ME? I'VE GOT THE FORM AND IN A COUPLE YEARS, I'LL HAVE THE HEIGHT!



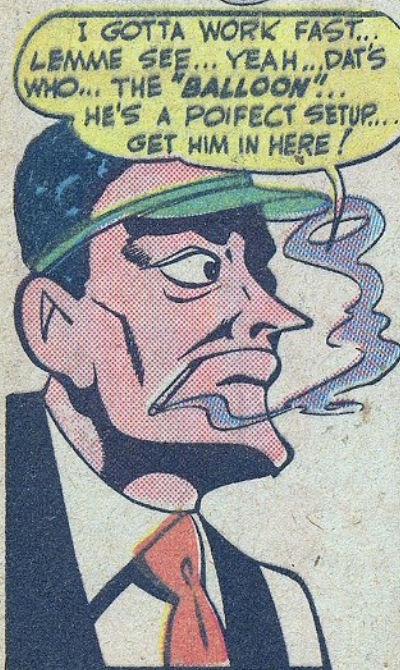
MEANWHILE... AT THE HIDEOUT OF "SABOTEUR SY"

LOOK BOSS! DID JA SEE THE WANT ADS?

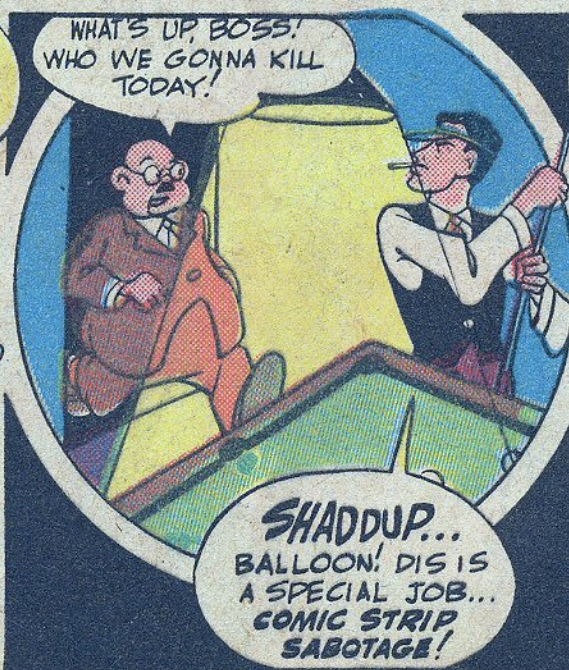


WHAT DA YA THINK... BOSS!

BLIMPY, EH! DAT JERK HAS BEEN SPREADIN' TOO MUCH GOOD PROPAGANDA LATELY... DA JAPS WOULD PAY ME A PRETTY PENNY TO SABOTAGE THAT COMIC STRIP!



I GOTTA WORK FAST... LEMME SEE... YEAH... DAT'S WHO... THE "BALLOON"... HE'S A POIFECT SETUP... GET HIM IN HERE!



WHAT'S UP, BOSS! WHO WE GONNA KILL TODAY!

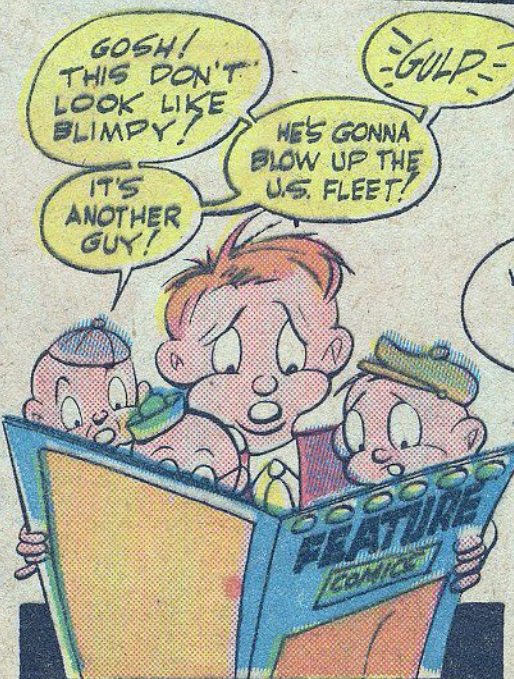
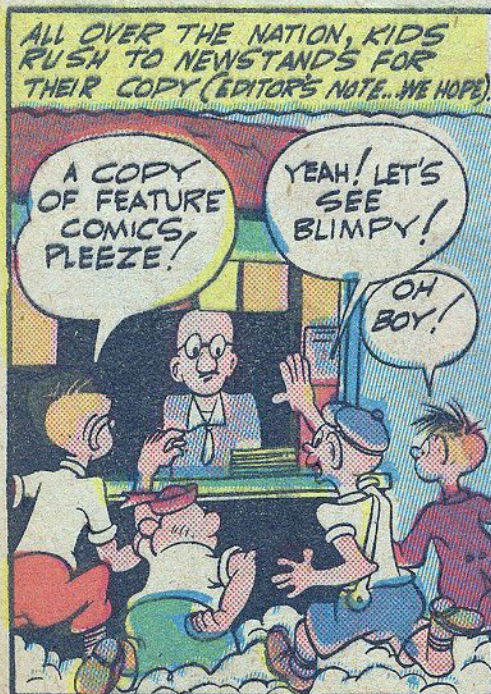
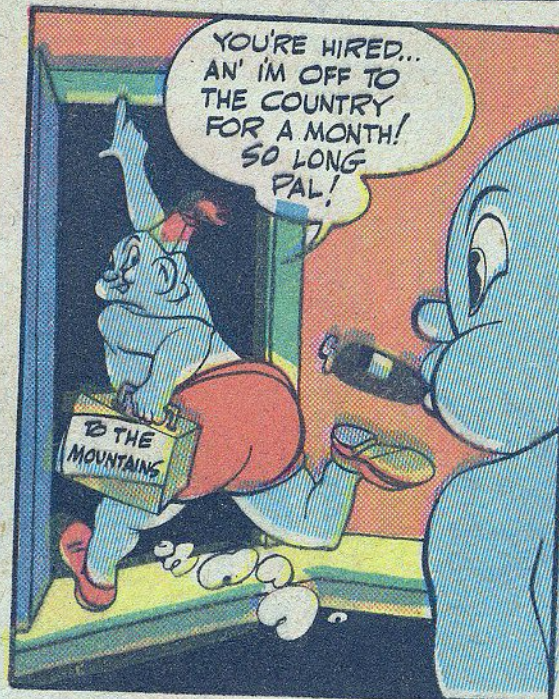
SHADDUP... BALLOON! DIS IS A SPECIAL JOB... COMIC STRIP SABOTAGE!

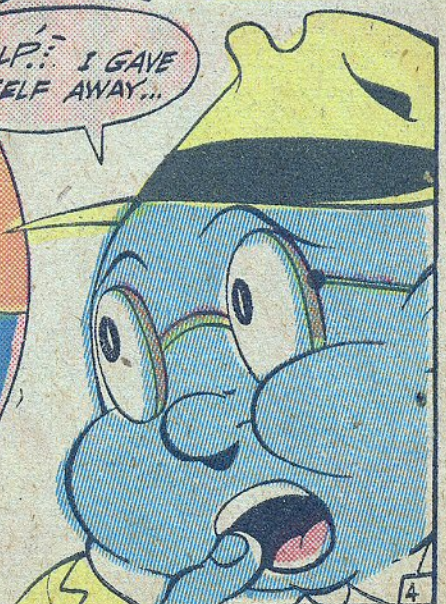
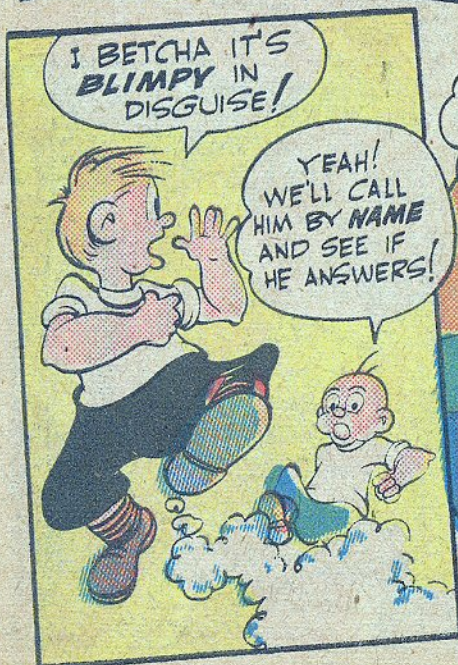
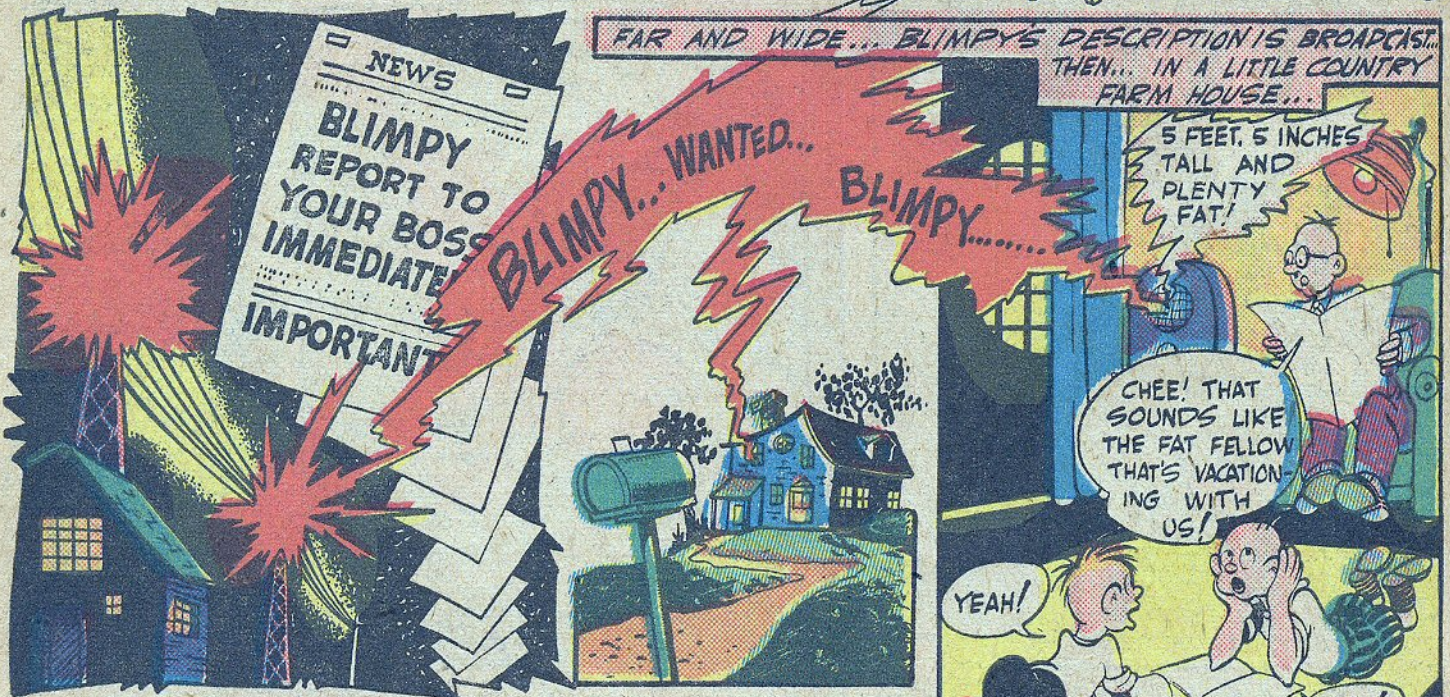


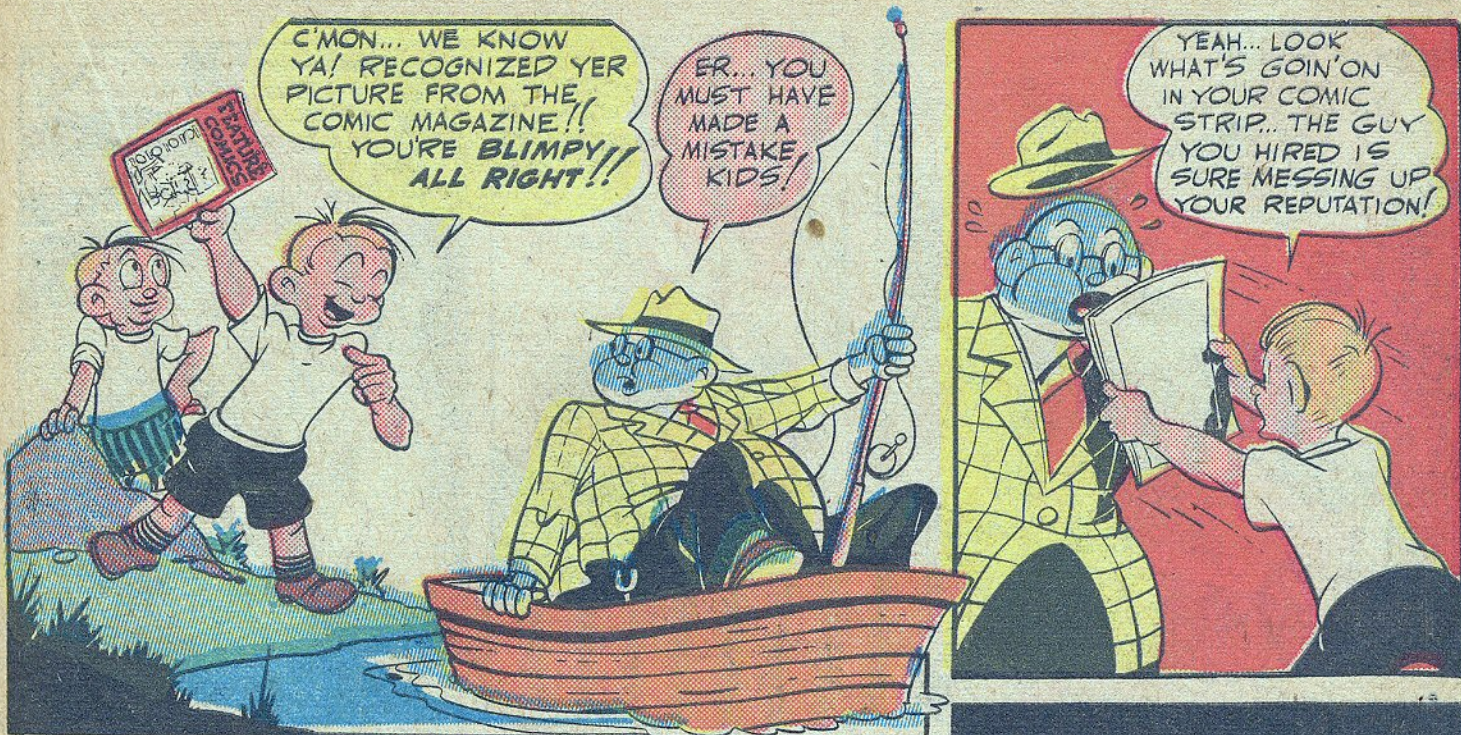
NOTICE DA CLOSE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN YOU AND DA BLIMPY GUY!! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS TA SHAVE OFF YER MOUSTACHE AND REMOVE DA DOUBLE EYES!



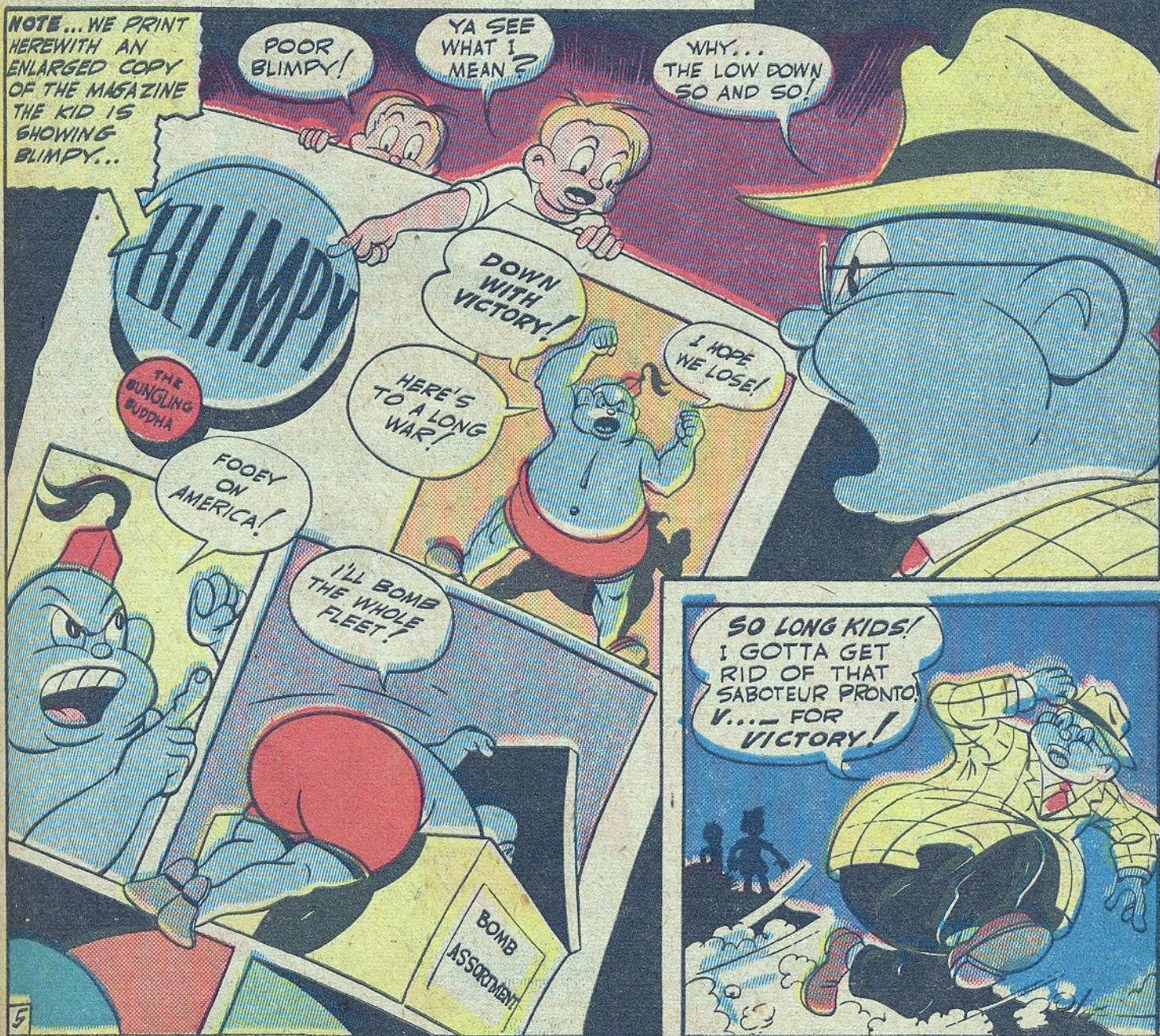
Want Ads
BLIMPY
2

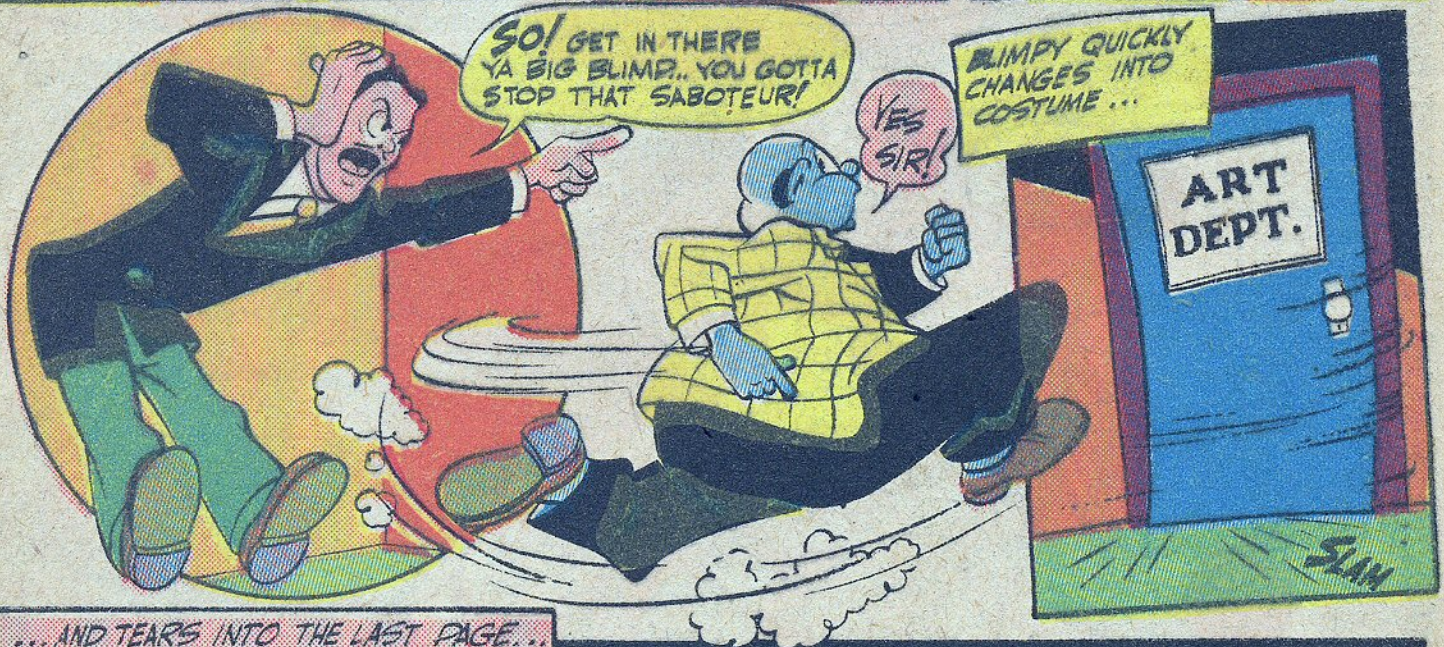
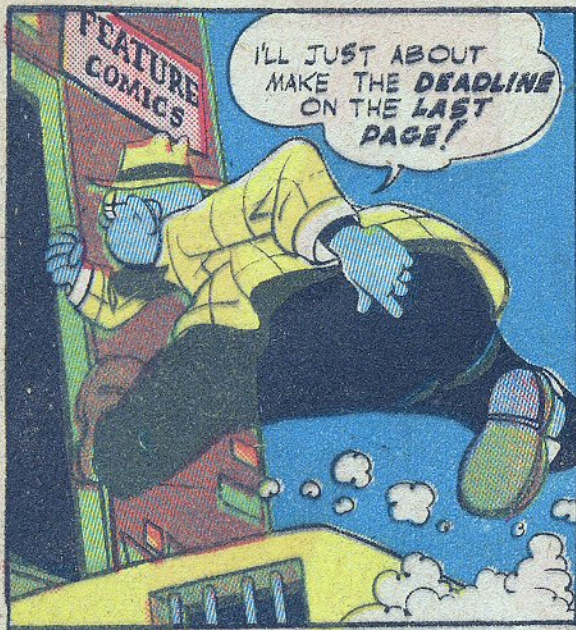




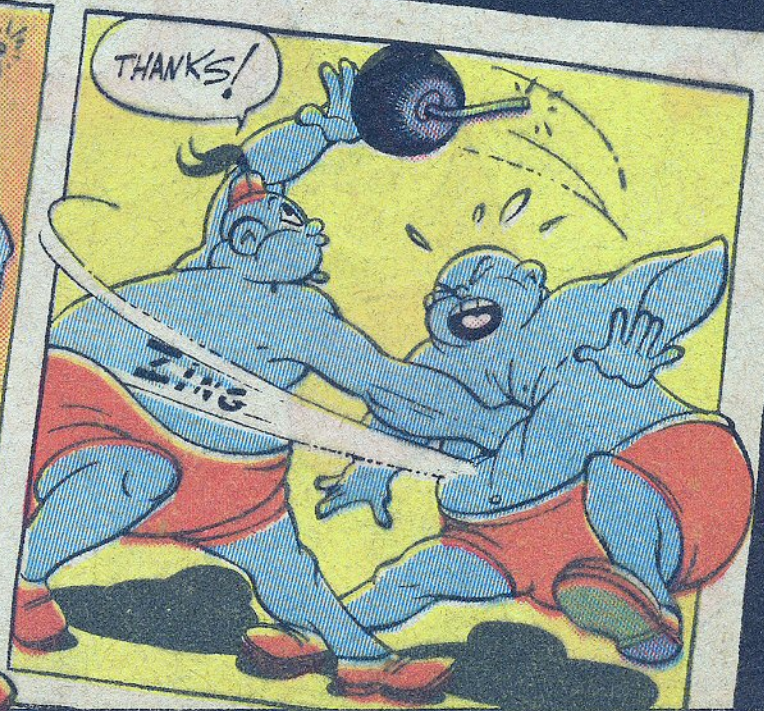


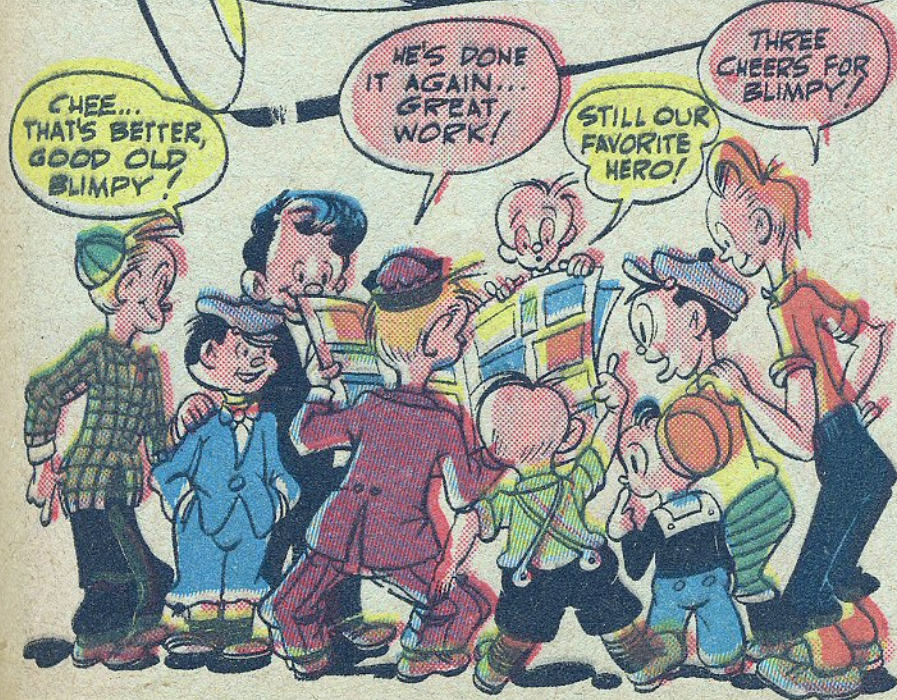
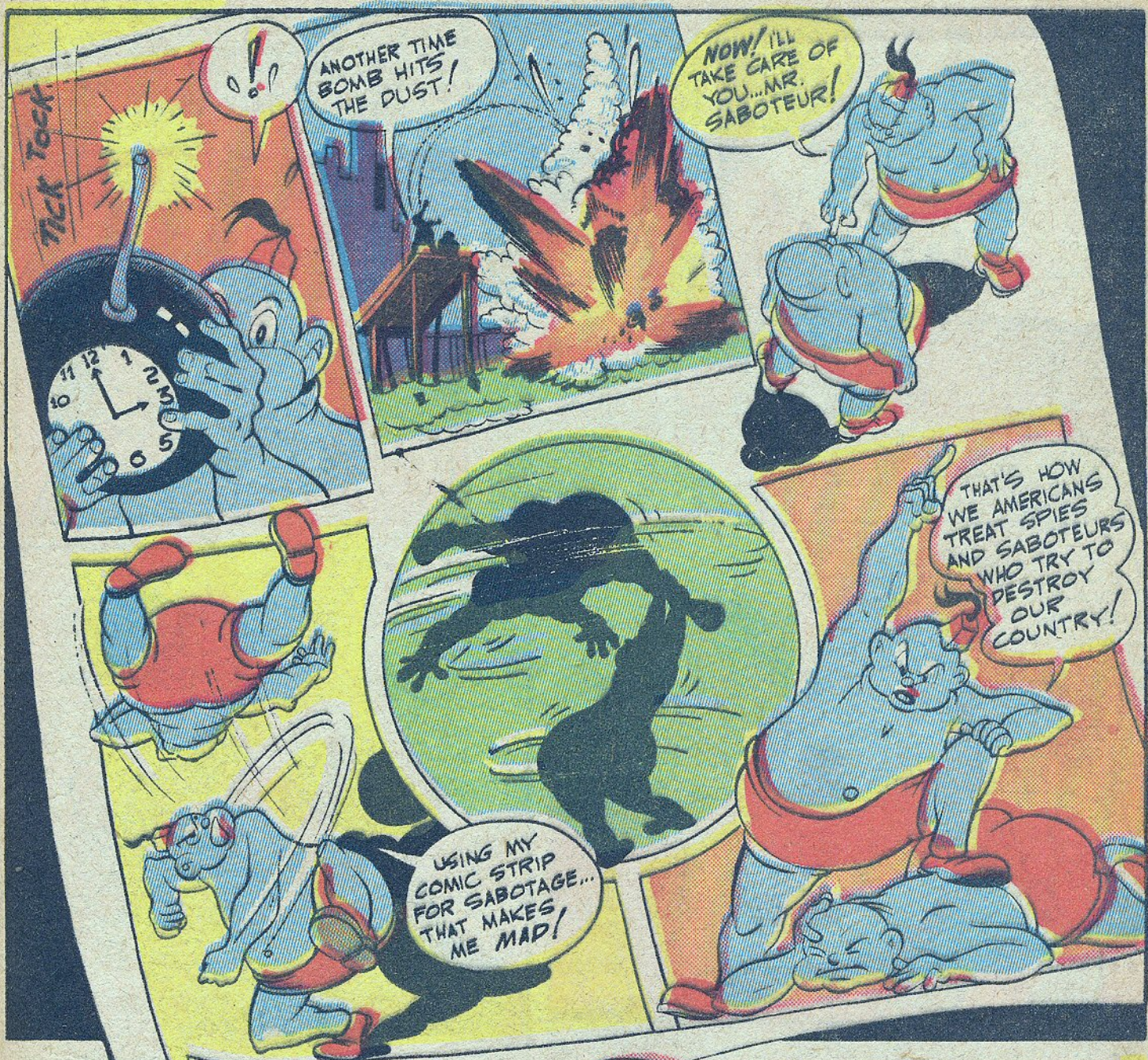
NOTE... WE PRINT HEREWITH AN ENLARGED COPY OF THE MAGAZINE THE KID IS SHOWING BLIMPY...

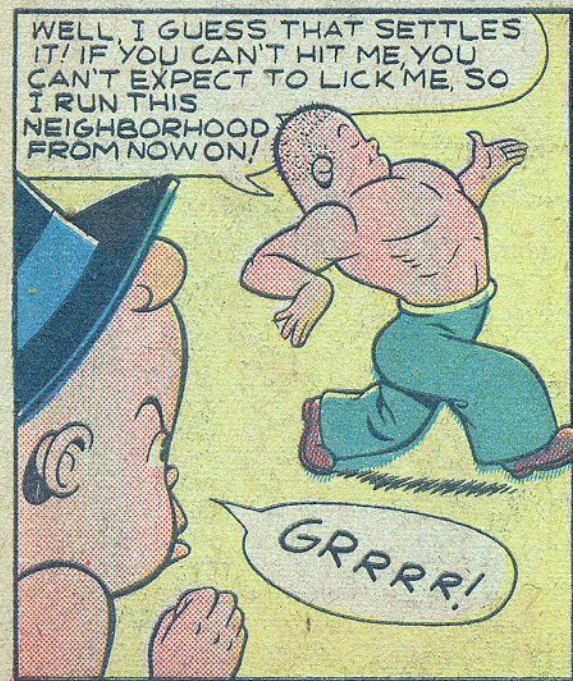
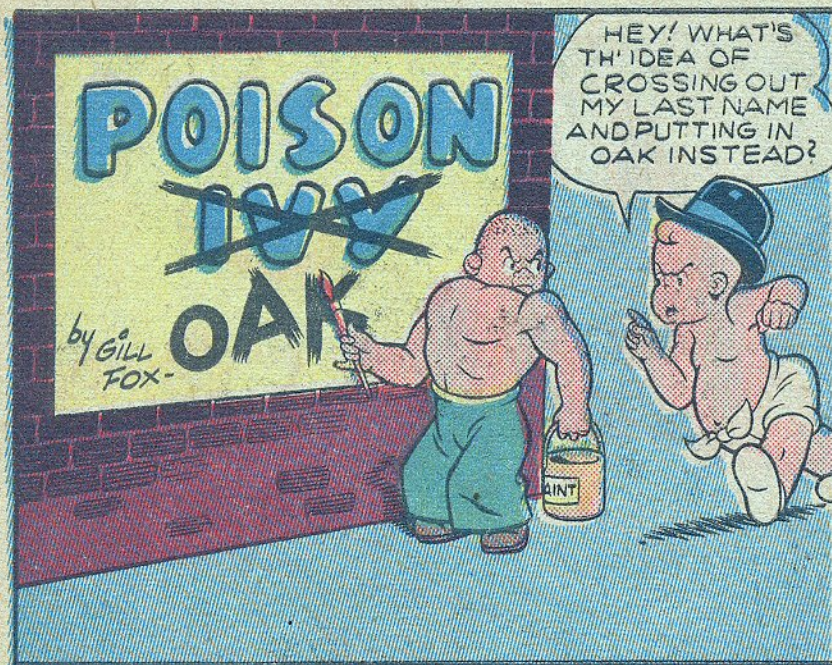




... AND TEARS INTO THE LAST PAGE...







SPIDER WIDOW

"A HOUSE DIVIDED CANNOT STAND" "IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH" ... TWO PROVERBS WHICH HOLD TRUE TODAY!

THE UNDERWORLD HAS BEEN RUNNING RAMPANT SINCE THE SPIDER WIDOW AND PHANTOM LADY HAVE BEEN FEUDING! IS THERE NO ONE WHO CAN BRING THESE TWO COURAGEOUS CRIME-FIGHTERS TOGETHER? THE RAVEN, WHO CAN SOAR LIKE A BIRD, IS GRINNING -- MAYBE HE HAS THE ANSWER!

PEACE ... it's Wonderful!



THE HOME OF THE RAVEN, RIGHT-HAND SUPPORT OF DIANNE GRAYTON, BETTER KNOWN AS THE SPIDER WIDOW!

PETITIONS! PETITIONS!-- URGING ME TO END THE GIRLS' FEUD!

YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S DANGEROUS TO HAVE TWO CRIME-SMASHERS AT ODDS WITH EACH OTHER! THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH -- AND I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! -- WATCH AND SEE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

RAVEN!...
I DIDN'T
DO NUTTIN'
--HONEST!

RELAX! I'M
NOT AFTER YOU!
I WANT TO USE
THE ESCAPE-PROOF
CELLAR IN THIS
BUILDING...

YUH MEAN WHERE TH' BOYS
USED T'KNOCK OFF THEIR
RIVALS? SURE, RAVEN,
ANYT'ING FER YOU!
HERE'S TH' KEY
TO TH' DOOR--
IT'S TH' ONLY
WAY OUT!

-- THANKS!
I WANT TO PLAY
A LITTLE JOKE ON
SOME FRIENDS
OF MINE!

PHANTOM LADY...
THIS IS THE RAVEN...
COME TO 23
PLATT ST... SPIDER
WIDOW IS IN
DANGER! HURRY!

I'LL BE
RIGHT
AWAY!

THANKS, MONK!
IF I CAN GET
THOSE TWO
OUTA MY
HAIR, I CAN
GET THE
ORGANIZA-
TION GOING
AGAIN!

...SO I GAVE TH'
KEY TO TH' RAVEN...
IT'S A GOOD CHANCE
TO KNOCK HIM AN' TH'
SPIDER WIDDER OFF!
GIT TH' BOYS TO
23 PLATT ST,
FRANKIE!

A FEW MORE MINUTES LATER... PHANTOM LADY
ARRIVES AT THE SCENE...

THIS IS THE
PLACE, BUT I DON'T
SEE ANYONE ...
GUESS I'LL
GO DOWNSTAIRS!...

Suddenly

GOT HER!
NOW TO PHONE
THE SPIDER
WIDOW...

HE TRAPPED TH'
SPIDER WIDOW!
HOLY MACKEREL!
HE'S TRYIN' T'GIT
RID OF 'ER! THEY
MUSTA HAD A
FALLIN' OUT!

TRAPPED! NOW
WHAT? HOUDINI
COULDN'T GET OUT
OF THIS!

HELLO ... HELLO,
DIANNE ... THE ...
AGHHHH...

RELAX,
BUDDY!
WE DON'T
WANNA
CROWD
HERE!

YOU'RE WRONG, FRANKIE!!...
IT'S PHANTOM LADY!... AND
YOU'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE!!

AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE...
DIANNE GRAYTON, BETTER KNOWN
AS THE SPIDER WIDOW...

HELLO! HELLO!...
THAT WAS THE RAVEN!
--HE'S IN TROUBLE!--
IT'S TIME FOR THE SPIDER
WIDOW TO TAKE OVER!...
OPERATOR--OPERATOR!
--TRACE THAT CALL!...



Meanwhile...

THROW HIM
IN THE CELLAR
WITH THE
SPIDER
WIDOW!



THE RAVEN!...
AND HE'S BEEN
SLUGGED!

YOU TWO CAN NOW
DIE A NICE, WET DEATH!
--THAT'S FOR SENDING
MY BROTHER TO
THE CHAIR!



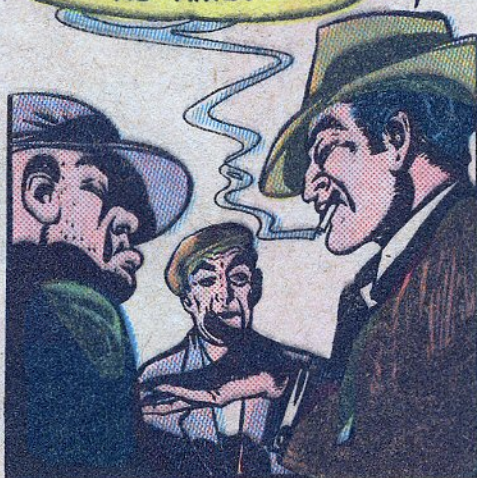
NOBODY EVER KNEW ABOUT
THIS GADGET -- IT FLOODS THE
CELLAR ROOM AND DROWNS
THEM! HAW-HAW!



RAVEN! RAVEN!
HEAR ME? GET UP!
WE'LL DROWN!
RAVEN!



GUESS WE'LL STICK AROUND
AN' SEE THE BODIES! IT WON'T
BE LONG NOW! WHAT A RELIEF
TO GET RID OF THEM! I'LL
HAVE THIS TOWN EATING
OUT OF MY HAND IN
NO TIME!



WATER'S ALMOST TO THE
CEILING! --IF HELP
DOESN'T--COME--SOON--
WE'RE DONE--FOR...
IS THERE NO WAY OUT
OF -- THIS? ...





BUT... IN THE CELLAR ROOM, **DEATH** IMPATIENTLY WAITS TO CLAIM THE TWO VICTIMS!

GASP! THIS -- IS IT -- GASP! LOOKS -- LIKE FINAL -- CURTAIN!

I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE! THE RAVEN IS IN THERE -- AND SOMEONE ELSE ...

I'LL SOON KNOW IF I'M IN TIME ...

PHANTOM LADY!! WHA -- ? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? .. AND THE RAVEN IS HE ... ?

YES, THANKS! YOU -- J -- JUST -- MADE IT!!

WHEN THE RAVEN RECOVERS ...

-- SO, YOU SEE, I THOUGHT I COULD GET YOU TWO TO END YOUR FEUD -- I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD COME SO CLOSE TO DISASTER! WHY DON'T YOU TWO SHAKE HANDS?

OKAY! SHE HAS SAVED MY LIFE! I WON'T EVER FORGET THAT!

THE RAVEN IS RIGHT! WE'VE BEEN FOOLISH! WE MUST FIGHT TOGETHER -- NOT AGAINST EACH OTHER!

IF YOU TWO STICK TOGETHER, YOU'RE INVINCIBLE!

GOODBYE, GOOD FRIENDS!

'BYE, PHANTOM LADY! KEEP UP THE GOOD FIGHT!

MORE OF THE SPIDER WIDOW IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *Feature Comics*!

FIRE *from the* ENEMY

SEVEN yellow faces, twisted with cunning hate, peered through the dry foliage into the cleared compound. Brown netting hung over the yellow faces and the seven squat figures were likewise clothed in brown—the better to make them blend into the sere landscape.

Seven rifles slowly raised and at a nod from their leader, the rifles roared. When the smoke had lifted, three bodies lay sprawled near the little mission house.

The seven brown murderers stalked into the open, weapons ready in case another member of the missionary's family lived and awaited them inside the bamboo building. But there was no other. The kindly Reverend Peter Blaine, his wife, and sixteen-year-old daughter, Patsy, all lay dead there before their beloved mission house.

The Japs spoke among themselves. One of them kicked the dead missionary in the side, grinning, as if he thought some feeling remained. But there was none; he was dead. Shot through the heart. As were the other two innocent victims of war's meaningless viciousness.

The seven Nips ransacked the house for everything valuable, and found nothing except a quantity of American food in cans. This they gratefully stowed in their knapsacks. There were garments, books, and many little mementos which the reverend and his wife had brought from the States eighteen years before. They had never been back. Patsy had been born in the mission house, and knew no other place than Sorambo Island.

Now the good missionary and his family were dead. Beloved

by the Polynesians for miles around, their fame as medical and spiritual doctors was almost legendary. There would be wild sorrow for their passing.

The Japs spent no more than a few minutes on the premises. When they had taken all they wanted, they set fire to the house and marched northward.

The island of Sorambo is large—twenty miles long and six wide. It is densely wooded, the jungle reaching down to the very water's edge all around. The north has broad stretches of marsh and teeming swamp land. Hence, the natives live to the south, where they raise taro and yams and sell copra to the occasional trading vessel that touches during the year. Rev. Blaine's mission had been situated just north of the native area, where the jungle really began in earnest.

Under cover of darkness, General Kochimo had unloaded an entire transport of Jap troops. It was a crack part of a smart division and the Allies had been fearing just such a move and had been on the alert for it. Or thought they had.

The troops bivouaced near the beach, strung out for a mile or more. A heavy thicket ran down close to the water, and back of that, marching in an endless dreary expanse of water and tall reeds, was the swamp. Although the marsh itself never dried up entirely, the grass and reeds were now brown and burned by the intense sun of the tropics.

They would wait here for official information about Allied troop movements, then get into formation to repulse, if possible, the landing of the Marines that were known to be on the way to Sorambo Island.

So as not to tip off their position, the Japs prohibited any fires or lights of any kind, and maintained an almost solid silence. They would be ready to deliver a telling blow against the American raiding forces!

* * *

Perry Scott, young American adventurer with many a hair-raising exploit behind him, was doing Intelligence work for the Government. At the moment his small speedy plane was standing on a strip of beach far to the south of the Japs. Perry was working alone, as he often did, and he knew that there were big things in store on this trek.

The fire which the seven Japs had created burned with great zest for a couple of hours, consuming every evidence of the missionary and his family. His house lay now a dull mass of glowing ashes. The small area of grain and vegetable fields which he had planted were reduced to desolation, and the vegetation around his clearing was gone. The fire had eventually burned itself out where the larger trees began; they were greener, and there had been no wind. A few big logs glowed where punk had ignited along their sides. But soon the fire would be all out. . . .

Perry Scott's plane was a combination amphib and land ship. At about midnight, he took off, heading out to sea. Fifty miles from land he set the ship down and cut the motor. It was very dark and still. He whistled. An answering whistle came across the water. Then a tiny blue light flashed on and off. That was it. He drew a similar flash from his jacket and answered the signal. Soon after that he heard the muffled sound of oars, and then a small

boat drew alongside the plane.

"Hello!" said Perry.

"Hello, Scott! Everything okay?"

"Thus far," Perry said as he climbed into the boat.

"Sorambo occupied as yet?" an ensign asked.

"Can't tell. Probably. And I wouldn't take any chances on landing a party tonight."

The ensign chuckled. "You don't know the Old Man. He's putting a party ashore tonight!"

They were going up the companion which had been lowered for them. Then they were standing on the deck of the Navy destroyer. Capt. Elmer Stem shook hands with Perry.

"Glad to see you again, Scott. You've done several fine jobs for the Navy." In the dim light, Capt. Stem had the look of a born sea dog.

"Thanks," said Perry. "And I'm going to do another. It's this: I'd advise against landing men on Sorambo tonight. The Japs may be there already—"

"The devil take the Nips!" snapped Capt. Stem. "I'm sending in a party and I'm pretty sure the Nips haven't beaten us to the punch."

"Very well," Perry replied. He knew there was no changing the mind of this inflexible officer.

An orderly came up. "Barometer falling, Captain," he repeated. "Any changes?"

"None. Make directly for the island and lay to a half-mile off."

The destroyer got under way, soon after Perry had taken his plane into the air. As Perry flew toward the island, he wished he could make the captain realize the possible danger of

landing men on Sorambo. Not that he—Perry—had any positive information that the enemy had landed; he merely *felt* it.

A few minutes later he set his plane down on the beach near where the Missionary Blaine had lived.

The night was quiet except for the soft lapping of water on the shore and a constant buzz and chirping of insects. There would be no moon for several nights, and that was in the Navy's favor. He dozed, lying beside the plane. . . .

Suddenly he started up with a strange roaring in his ears. A wind had arisen. It was blowing hard out of the south. He remembered that the destroyer's barometer had been falling. Signal for a blow!

But that odd crackling sound—

Fire! He saw it flickering and flashing through the trees inland. A fire on a windy night like this. . . .

Then the distant crack of rifles and drumming chatter of machine-guns reached his ears. The Navy had landed and the Japs had been lying in wait. His hunch had been correct then. How large was the Nip force? Were the sailors able to cope with them?

The facts in the matter were these: General Kochimo's Sorambo force numbered nearly a thousand men—four times as many men as the destroyer crew. Had Capt. Stem's men walked into a trap?

The heavy gunfire was fading in the rapidly-rising wind, and the flames were leaping high. A veritable wall of fire crept across the island, its light turning the darkness into daylight. And the fire was creeping northward—

Perry climbed into the ship and started the engine. Soon he was in the air, heading for the

battle ground. Aloft, he could see that the fire, which must have started up from glowing punk being ignited by the wind, stretched entirely across the island. It raced northward at an amazing clip.

Perry was over the battle zone now. He could see the bursts of gunfire and the tracers streaking in the darkness. As he circled high above the fighters, the forest fire leaped up over a ridge and lighted the scene below. He headed out to sea.

Yes, there it was below—the Japs' transport. It was getting under way. Perry carried two bombs. He let one go. It struck the water some distance from the enemy ship. But his next "egg" plumped directly into the deck of the big boat. A terrific explosion followed. Jap sailors were leaping into the water. The ship was burning. Perry flew back. And now he saw that a powerful foe had put in a hand.

The fire was raging down near the coast, fairly hurtling toward the beach. The Japs were leaping into the sea to escape the terrible heat. The U. S. Navy force—whatever was left of it—was already in the boats and speeding toward the destroyer not far off.

The next morning Perry Scott again stood on the deck of the destroyer, talking with Capt. Stem.

"You were sure right about those Nips getting in ahead of us," said Stem. "But we received few casualties. That fire was a lifesaver."

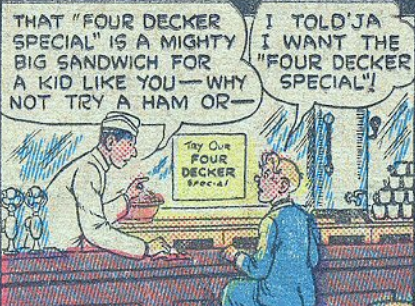
"What I can't understand," said Perry, "was how the fire got started."

Perry didn't know that seven murderous Japs had set the fire—the fire which eventually destroyed them and many of their countrymen.

Retribution? It could be. They say that "All is fair in love and war." Who knows?

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG



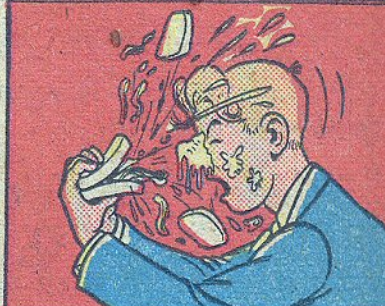
THAT "FOUR DECKER SPECIAL" IS A MIGHTY BIG SANDWICH FOR A KID LIKE YOU—WHY NOT TRY A HAM OR—

I TOLD'JA I WANT THE "FOUR DECKER SPECIAL"!



YOU'D BETTER USE YOUR KNIFE AND FORK, KID!

LISTEN, MISTER! YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME HOW TO EAT! I—



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



HERE COMES MR. DOOLEY, THE UNCLE PHIL—DOES HE STILL KID YOU FOR JOINING THE AUXILIARY POLICE?

YEAH—THE OLD FOOL! HE CAN'T SEEM TO REALIZE THAT WE'VE ALL GOT TO BE READY FOR AN EMERGENCY THESE DAYS!



I HEAR YOU'VE TAKEN UP FIRST AID, PHIL—HA! HA! ARE YOU THINKING OF BECOMING A DOCTOR AS WELL AS A COP?

NO, DOOLEY! BUT FIRST AID IS SOMETHIN' THAT EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW SOMETHIN' ABOUT RIGHT NOW! AND I'M INCLUDIN' YOU!



POPPYCOCK! NOTHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN AROUND HERE! AND MY TIME IS TOO VALUABLE TO WASTE IT LEARNING THINGS I'LL NEVER—

GRANDPA! GRANDPA!



W-WHAT'S THE MATTER, JULIE?

IT'S JOSEPH! HE FELL OUT OF THE TREE!



B-BUT I'M HIS GRANDFATHER! I-I'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A DOCTOR!

WE'LL GET HIM TO A DOCTOR—BUT THERE'S SOME THINGS TO BE DONE FIRST!

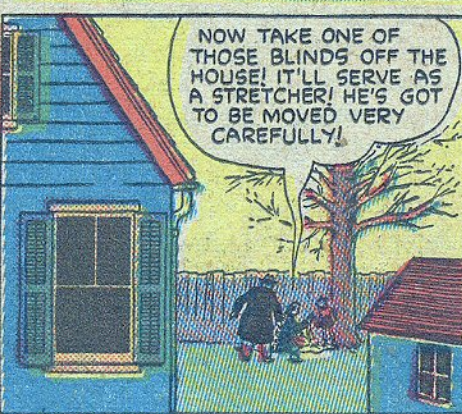


HIS ARM IS BROKEN AND HE HAS A FRACTURED COLLAR BONE! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL, MICKEY!

YOU FIX HIM UP SO HE CAN BE MOVED! I'LL GO OUT TO THE STREET AND STOP SOME CAR!



RUN INTO THE HOUSE AND GET SOME BLANKETS! HE'S SUFFERING FROM SHOCK AND MUST BE KEPT WARM! AND BRING A SHEET—I'LL NEED IT FOR BANDAGES.



NOW TAKE ONE OF THOSE BLINDS OFF THE HOUSE! IT'LL SERVE AS A STRETCHER! HE'S GOT TO BE MOVED VERY CAREFULLY!



WATCH IT, MICKEY! WATCH IT!

OKAY!



H-HE'LL BE ALL R-RIGHT, D-DOCTOR?

YES! BUT IT WAS INDEED FORTUNATE THAT YOU MEN KNEW WHAT TO DO—AND LOST NO TIME IN DOING IT!



WELL, UNCLE PHIL—I GUESS WE CAN START FOR HOME!

YES!

PHIL—JUST A MINUTE—PLEASE!



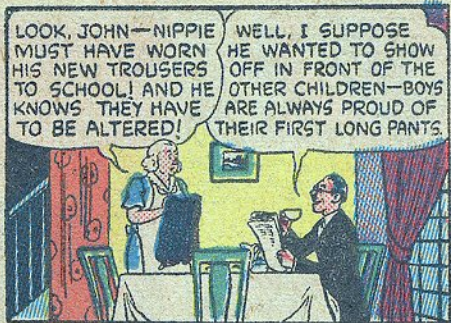
WE HAVE CLASSES IN FIRST AID EVERY NIGHT, MR. DOOLEY—WHAT NIGHT WOULD BE MOST CONVENIENT FOR YOU?

ANY NIGHT!

AUXILIARY POLICE FIRST AID CLASS ROOM 35

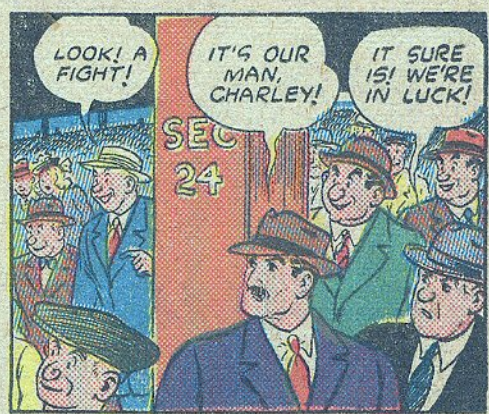
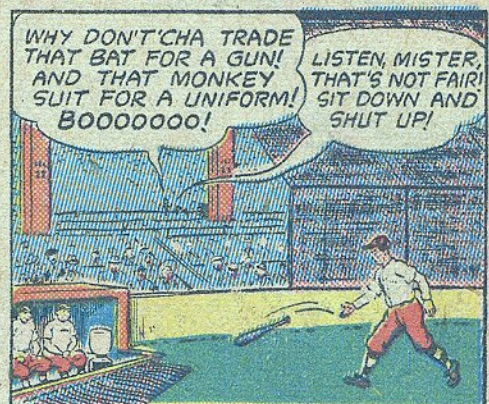
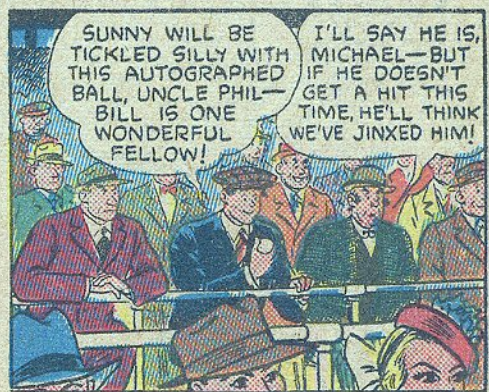
NIPPIE

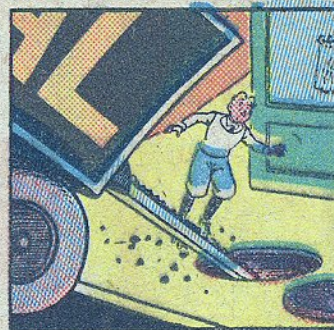
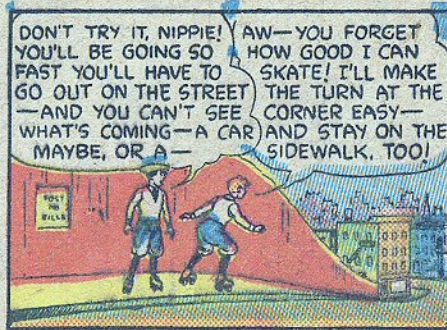
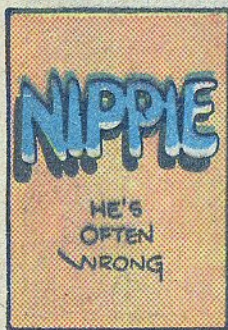
HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG



MICKEY FINN

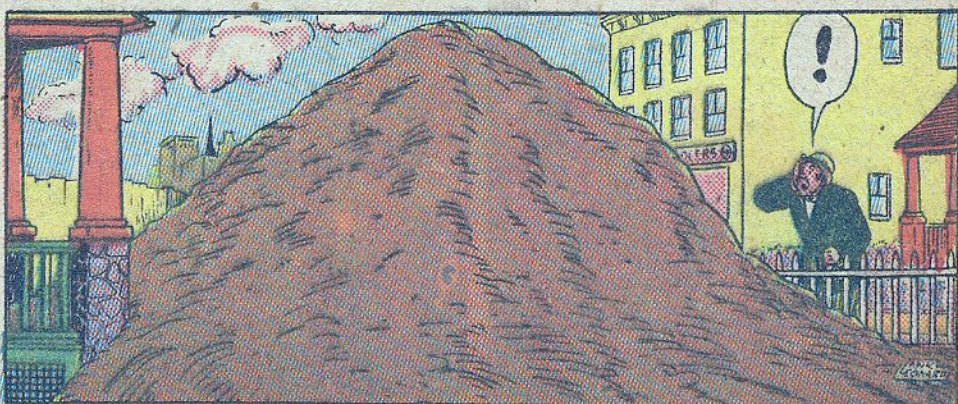
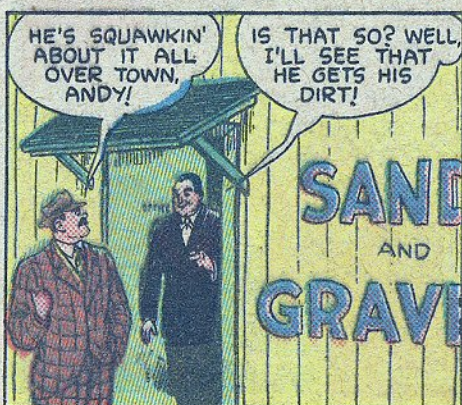
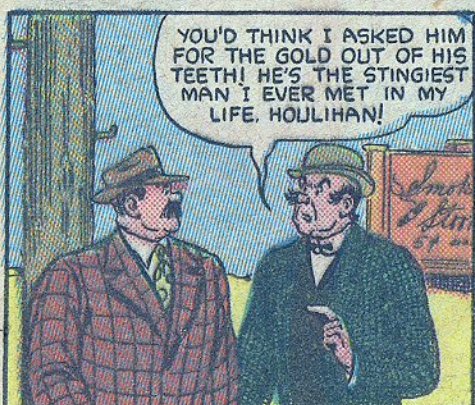
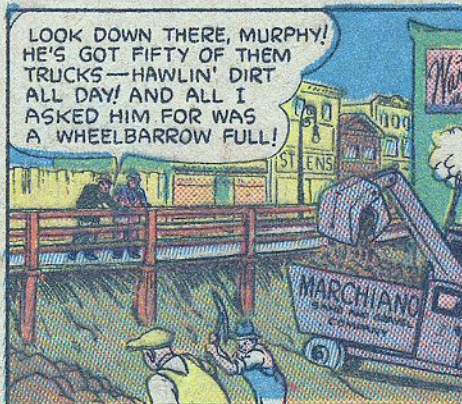
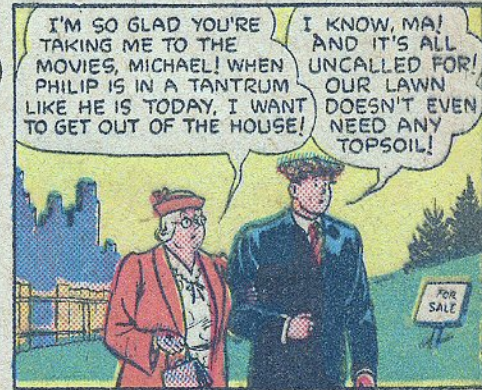
By LANK LEONARD

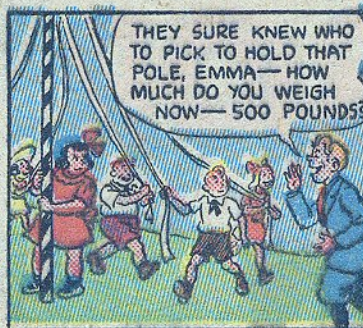
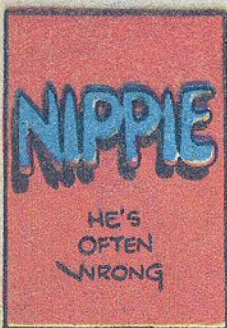




MICKEY FINN

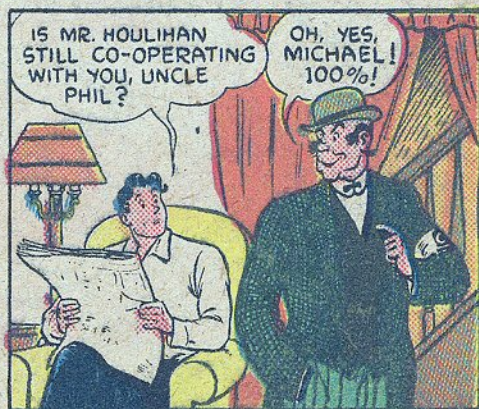
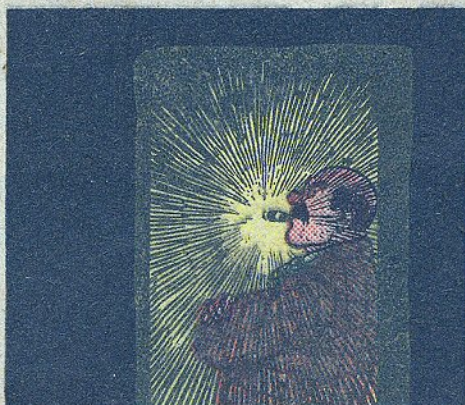
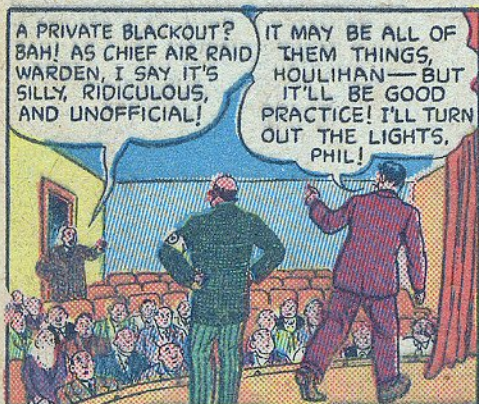
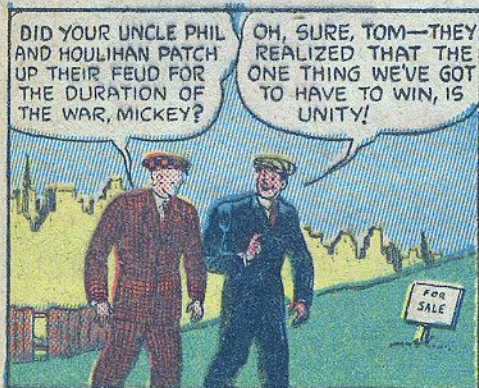
By LANK LEONARD

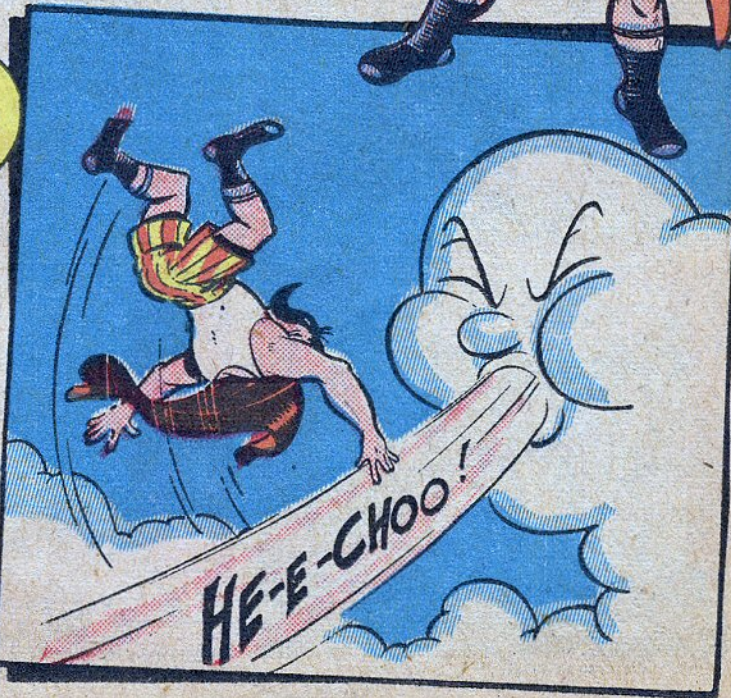
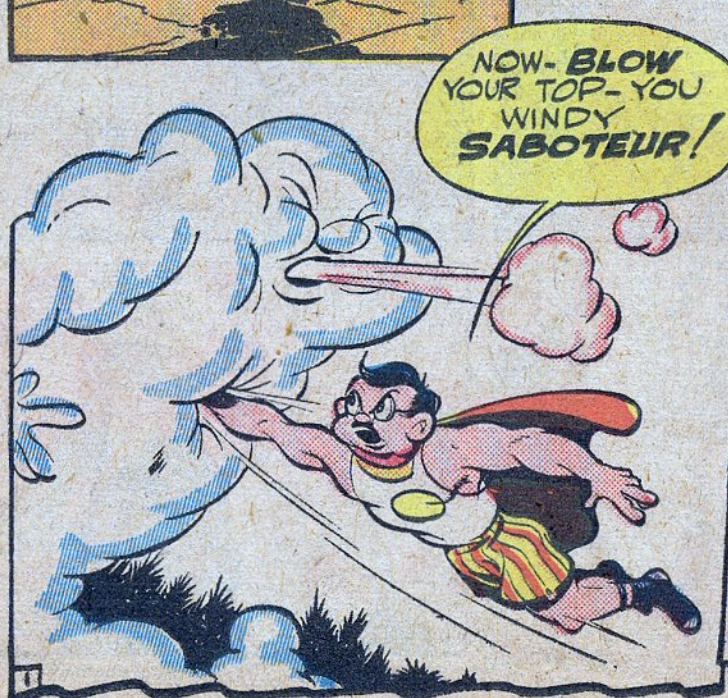
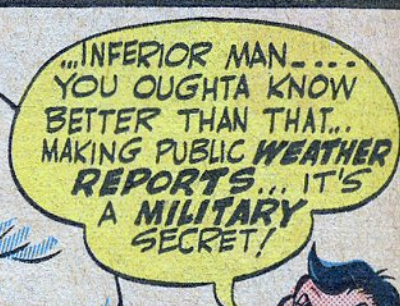
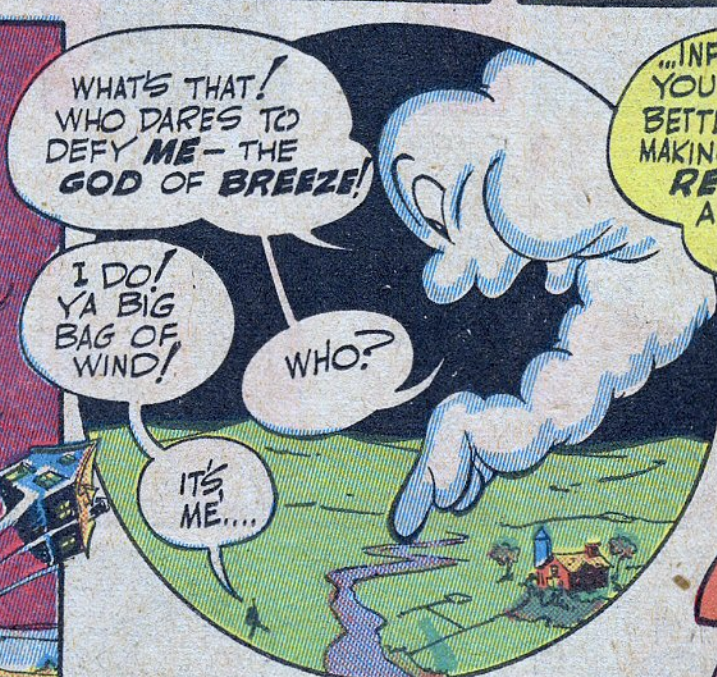
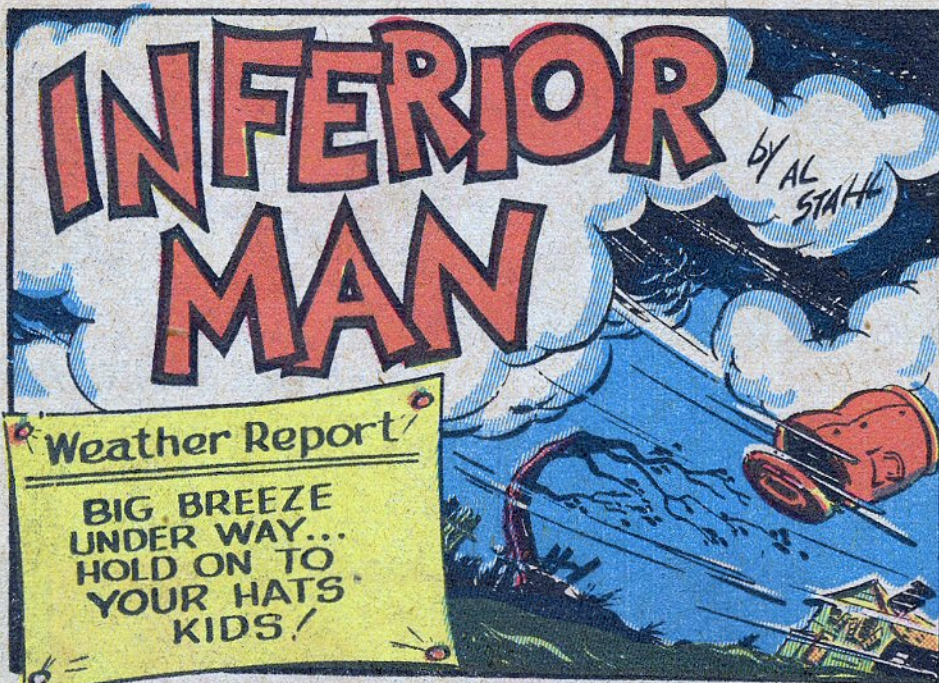




MICKEY FINN

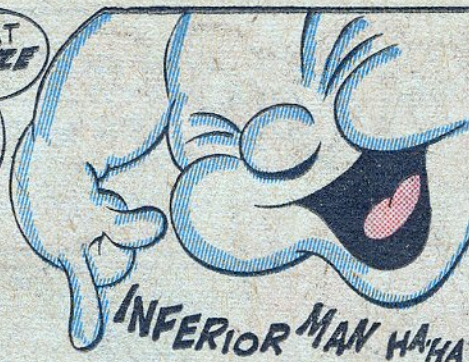
By LANK LEONARD



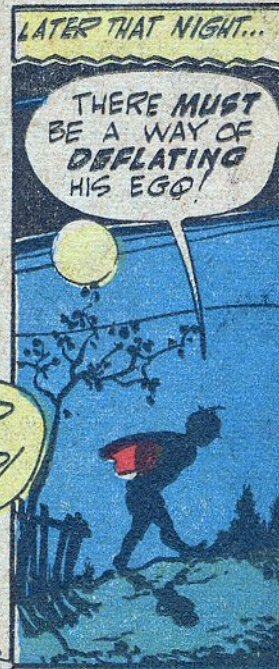




HA-HA-WHAT
A LITTLE SNEEZE
FROM A BIG
BREEZE
WILL DO!

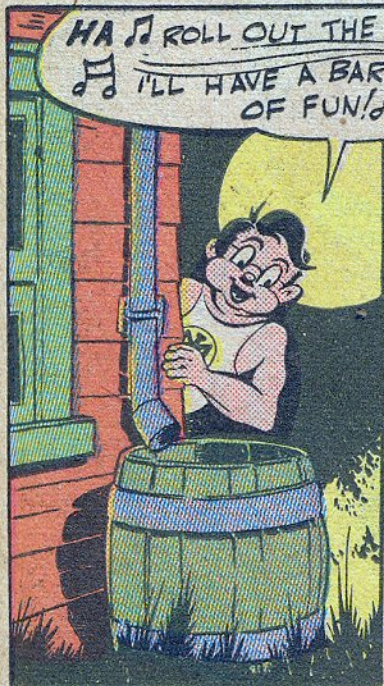


INFERIOR MAN HA HA



LATER THAT NIGHT...

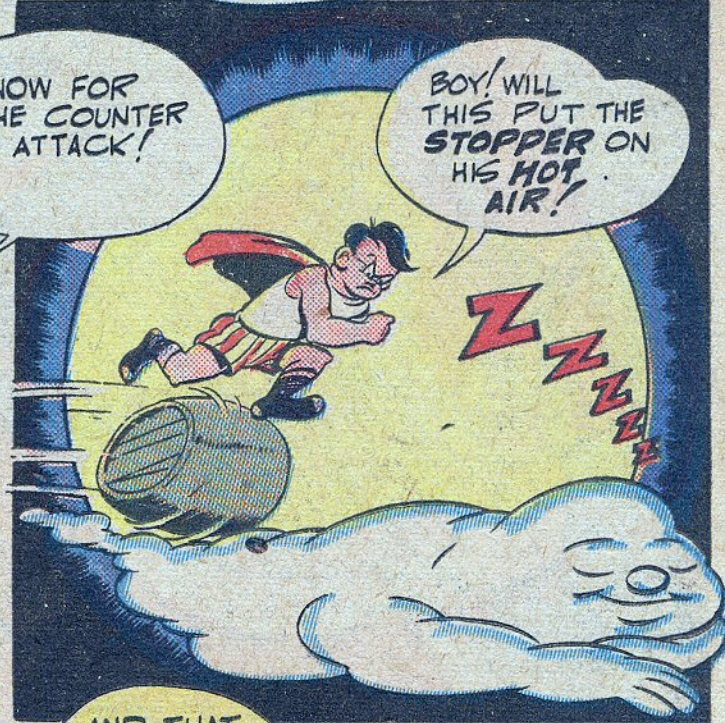
THERE MUST
BE A WAY OF
DEFLATING
HIS EGO!



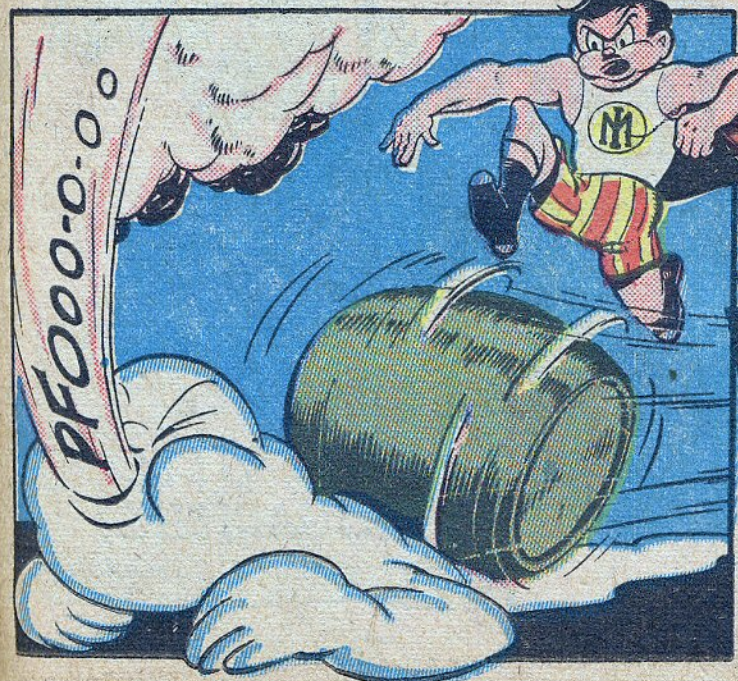
HA ♪ ROLL OUT THE BARRELS!
♪ I'LL HAVE A BARREL
OF FUN! ♪



NOW FOR
THE COUNTER
ATTACK!



BOY! WILL
THIS PUT THE
STOPPER ON
HIS HOT
AIR!



AND THAT
FLATTENS
ANOTHER
SABOTEUR!



Weather
Report
NO WIND
TODAY, BUT
THAT'S ALL
WE CAN
TELL!

STRANDED ON AN ISLAND, somewhere in the South Pacific is the roughest, toughest bunch of kids who ever took it upon themselves to take a slap at the Axis! .. **THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS!** There were six to start with ... but in their adventures they picked up two more... **ALABABA**, the "conivingest" man in the world ... and **PIERPONT LEE**, the nosiest!

ER... PIERPONT, MY CHUM ... **RUSTY** SAID WE HAVE TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR SOME KIND OF A BOAT TO GET US OFF THIS ISLAND, NOW THAT WE'VE CLEANED UP THE JAPS! SEEN ANYTHING THAT'LL DO?

WALL-LLLL-L-L, MISTAH ALABABA... AH KINDA **LIKES** IT HEAH IN TH' SHADE... SO AH AIN'T BEEN LOOKIN' VERY HARD!

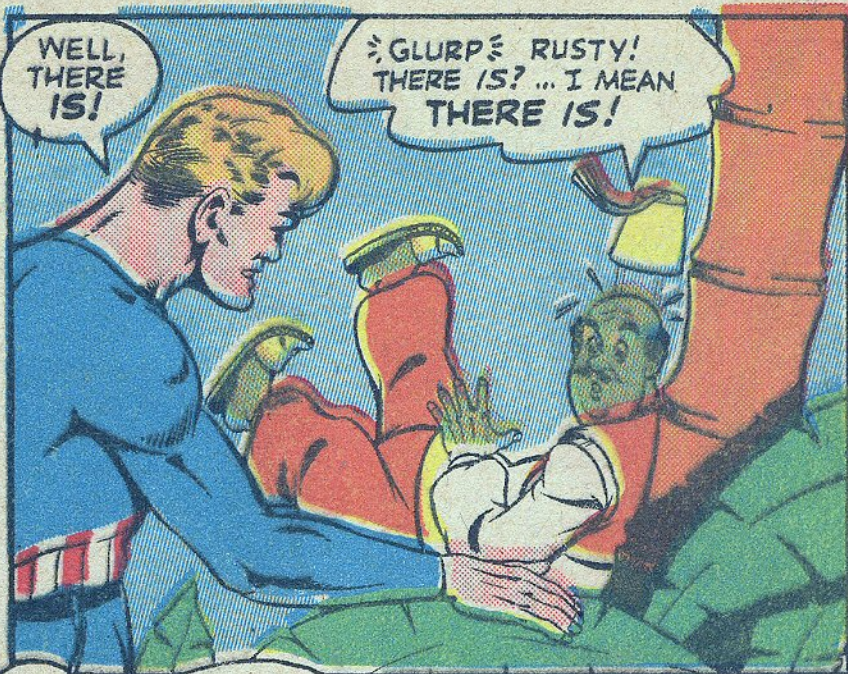


and The
**BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS!**

BY
PAUL GUSTAVSON



AH YES ... THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BREEZE COMING ACROSS THE PACIFIC! IT'S SO PEACEFUL HERE, YOU'D NEVER THINK THERE WAS A WAR GOING ON ALL AROUND US!



WELL, THERE IS!

GLURP! RUSTY! THERE IS? ... I MEAN THERE IS!



AND WE'RE IN IT TOOTH AN' NAIL! WE'LL DRIVE THOSE BLASTED AXIS BUMS INTO THE SEA! ... FOOD FOR THE SHARKS!

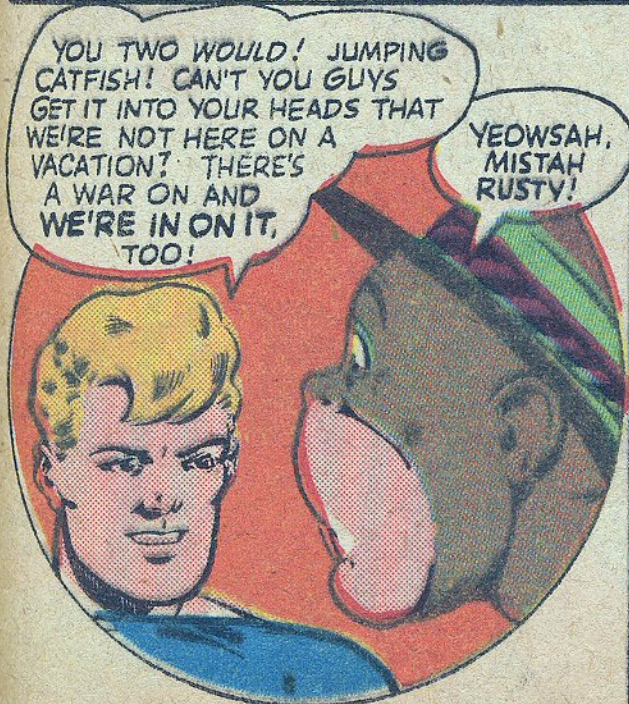
GOON, IT SOUNDS GOOD!

MY BOY! ... WITH OUR STAMINA, NOTHING CAN STOP US!



DO YOU CALL LOAFING IN THE SHADE OF A PALM TREE STAMINA?

LOAFING? LOAFING? OH--ER--WE WERE JUST SORTA RESTING UP A BIT BEFORE WE START LOOKING FOR THAT BOAT YOU WANTED!



YOU TWO WOULD! JUMPING CATFISH! CAN'T YOU GUYS GET IT INTO YOUR HEADS THAT WE'RE NOT HERE ON A VACATION? THERE'S A WAR ON AND WE'RE IN ON IT, TOO!

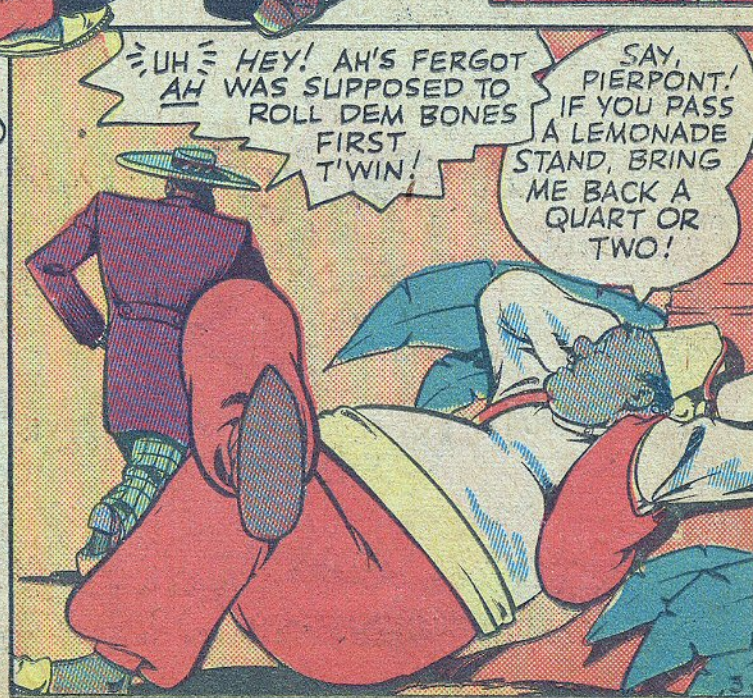
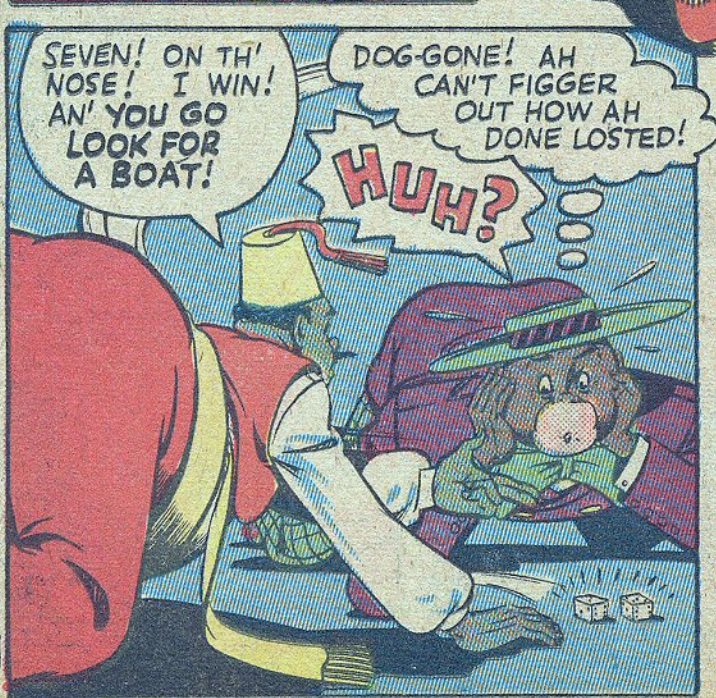
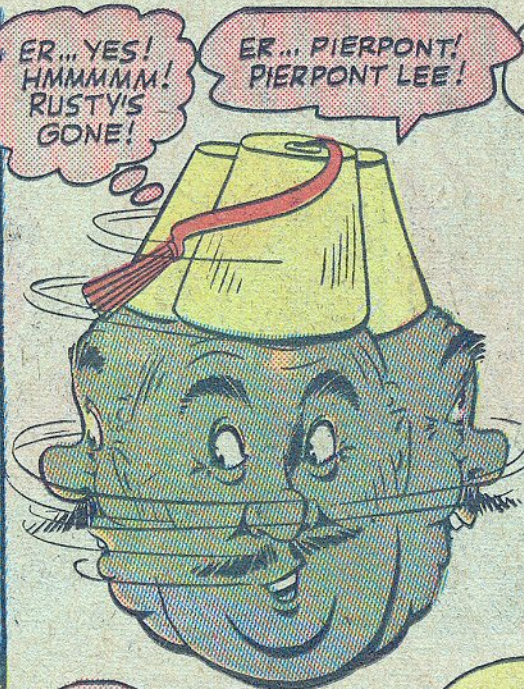
YEOWSAH, MISTAH RUSTY!

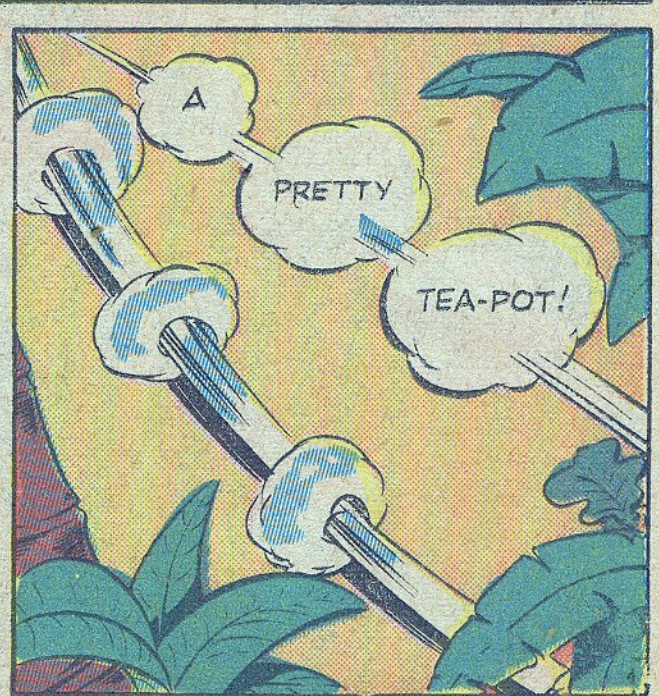
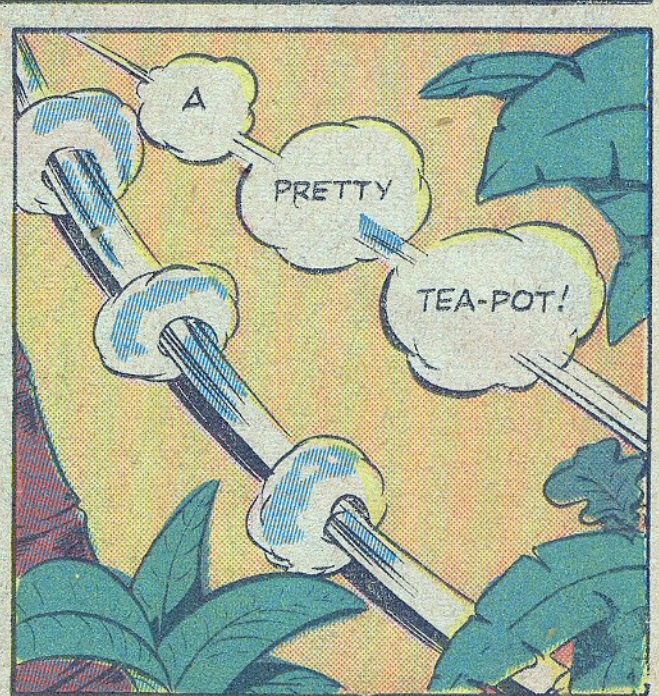
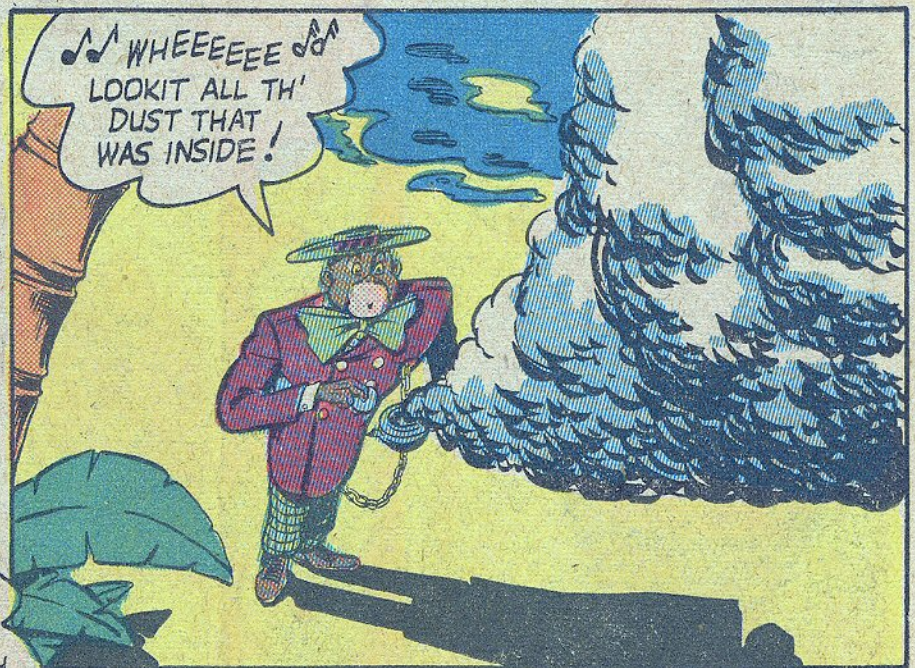


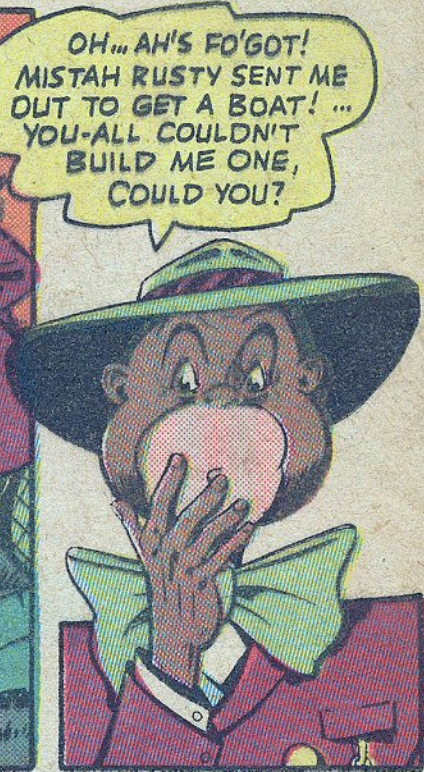
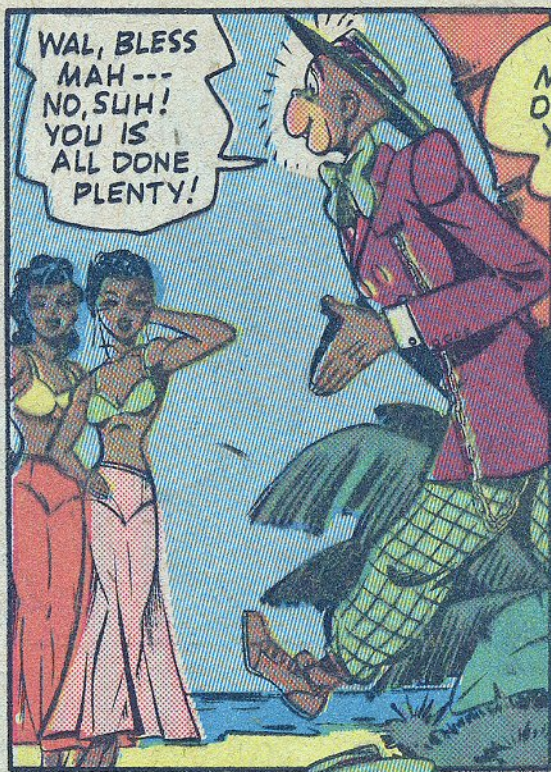
FINE! THEN LET'S GET BUSY AND COVER THIS FIVE-MILE STRETCH! I'VE COVERED THE FIVE MILES ASSIGNED TO ME, AND I'VE STARTED ON ANOTHER!

COME PIERPONT! WE SHALL VENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN!

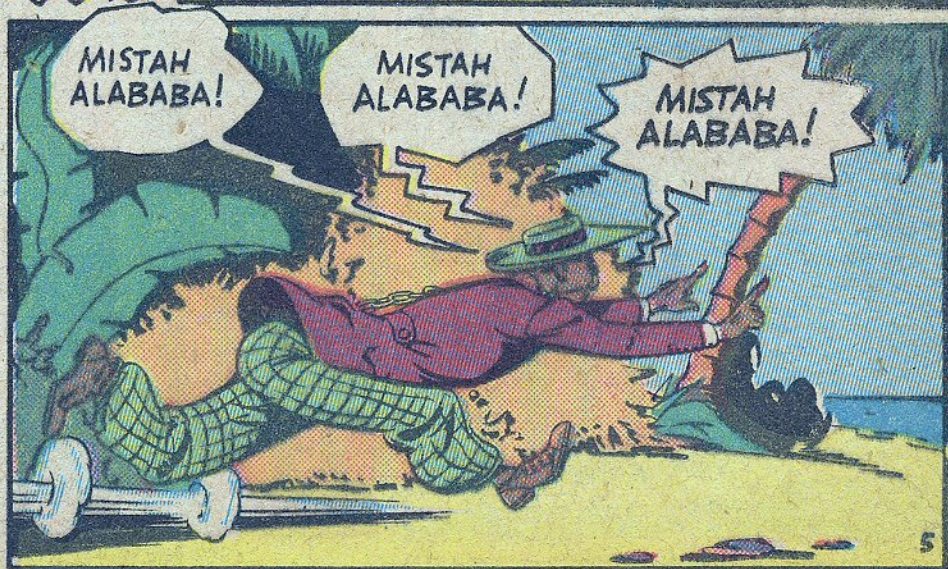
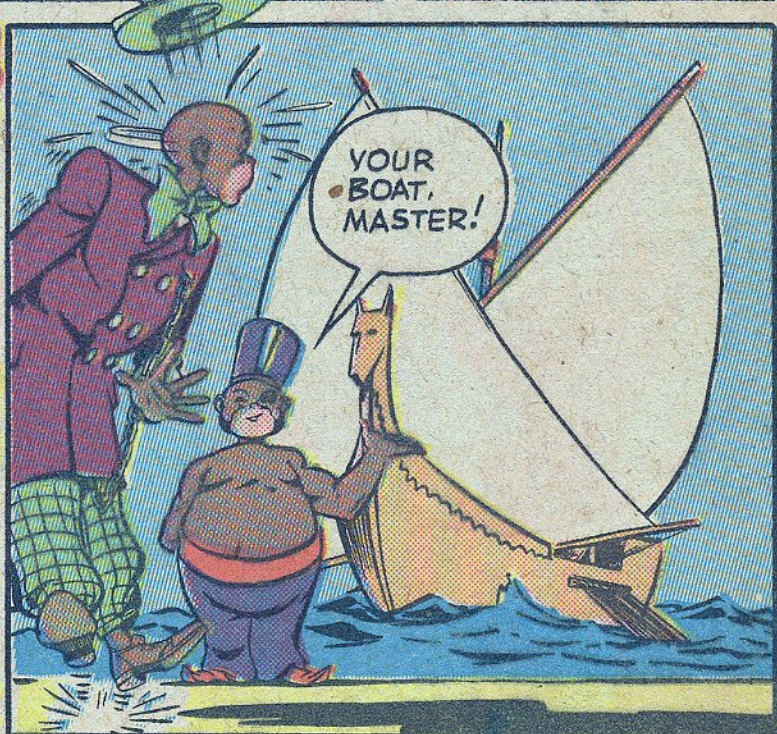
THOSE GUYS!

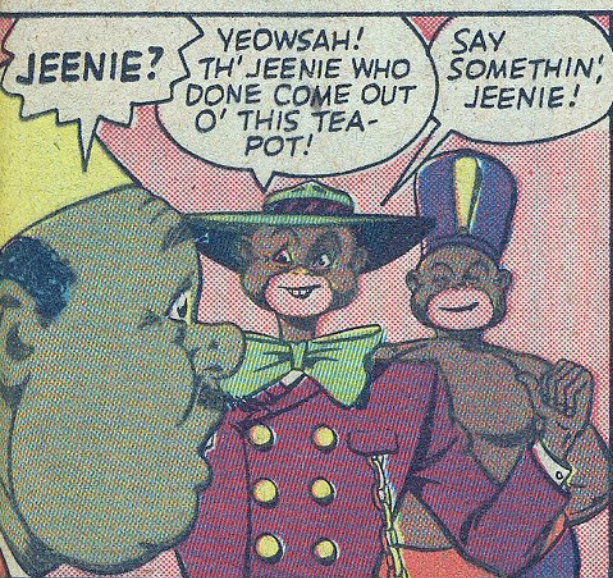
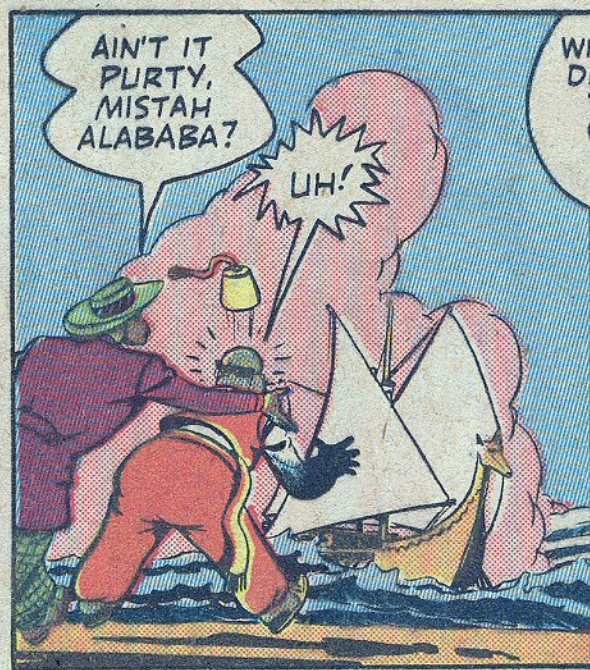
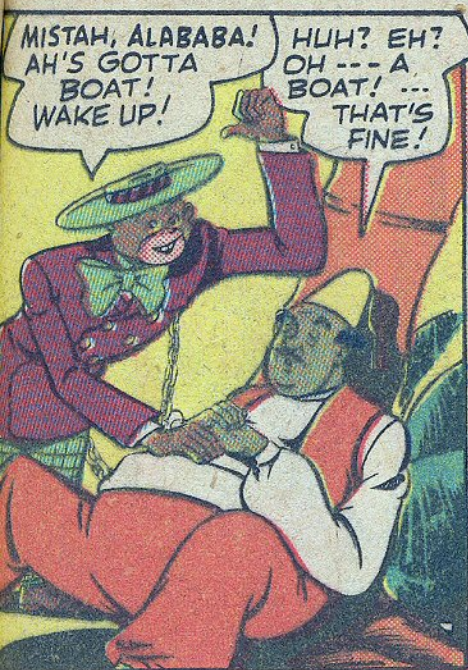


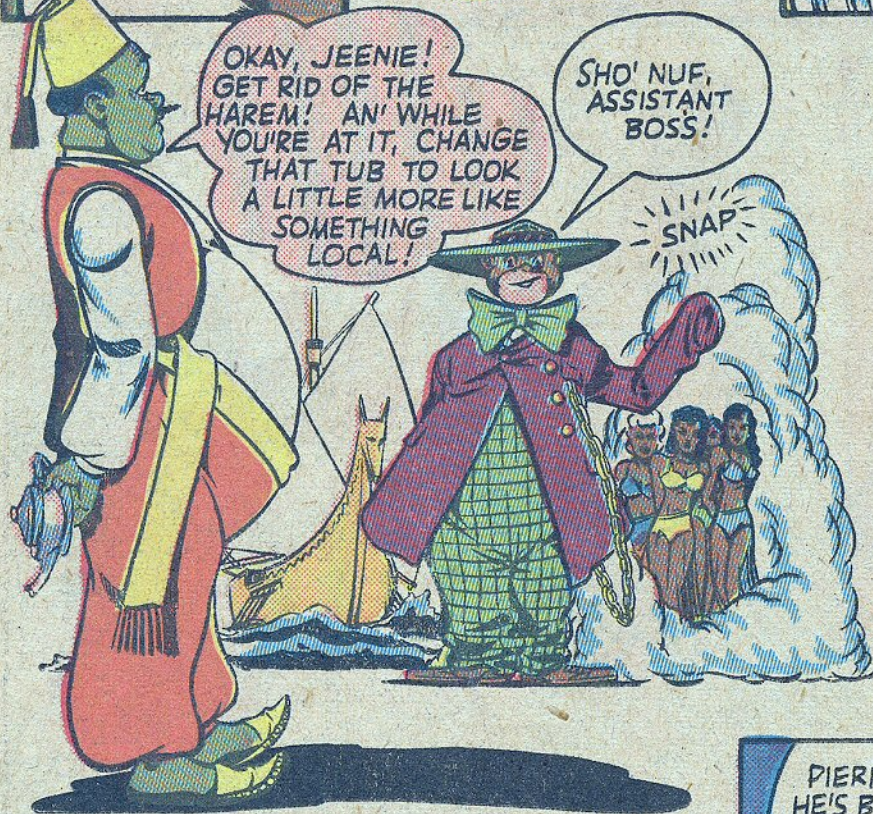
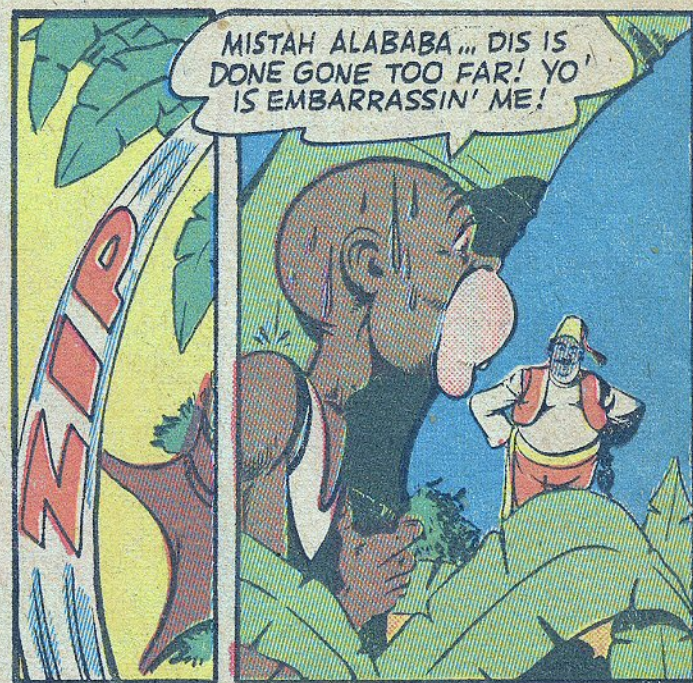
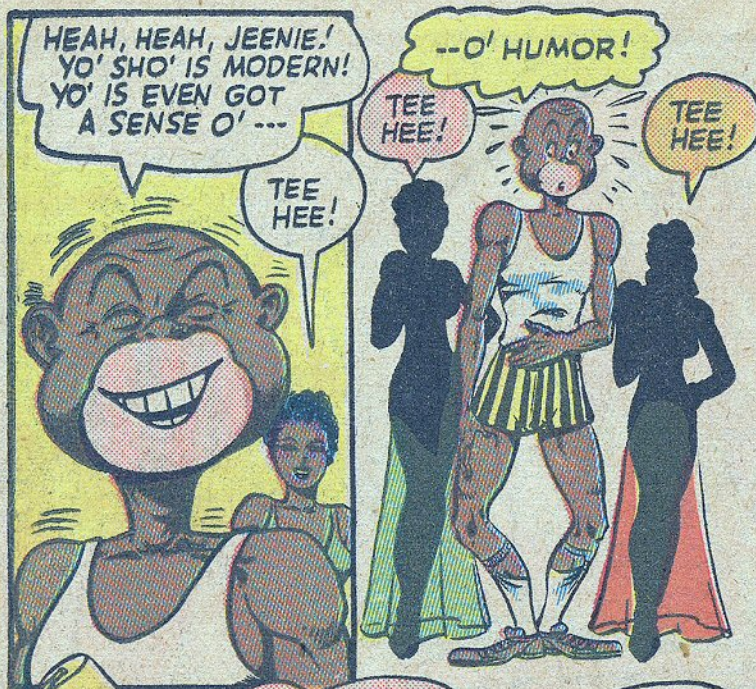


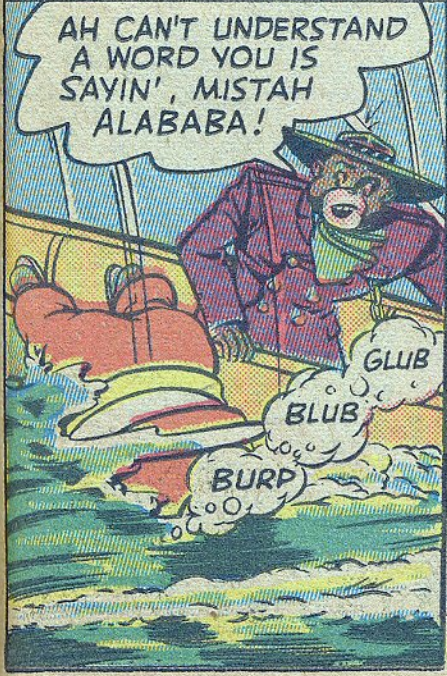


POOOOF





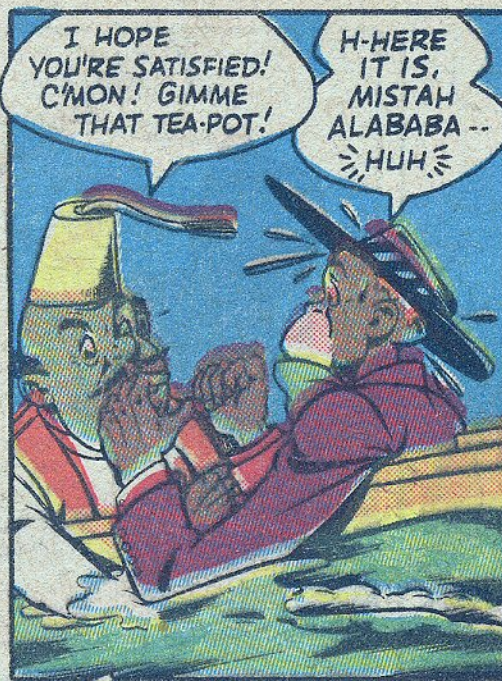






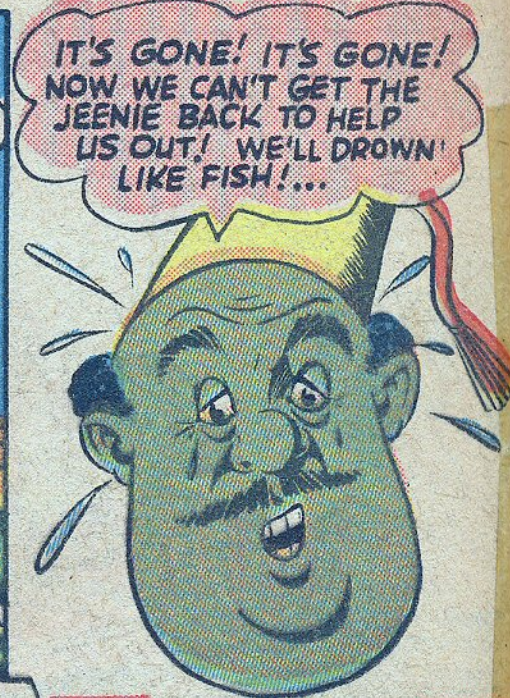
YOU'LL
TIP
THE...

BLUR
BLUR
BURP
BURP
GLUB
BLUB



I HOPE
YOU'RE SATISFIED!
C'MON! GIMME
THAT TEA-POT!

H-HERE
IT IS,
MISTAH
ALABABA --
HUH

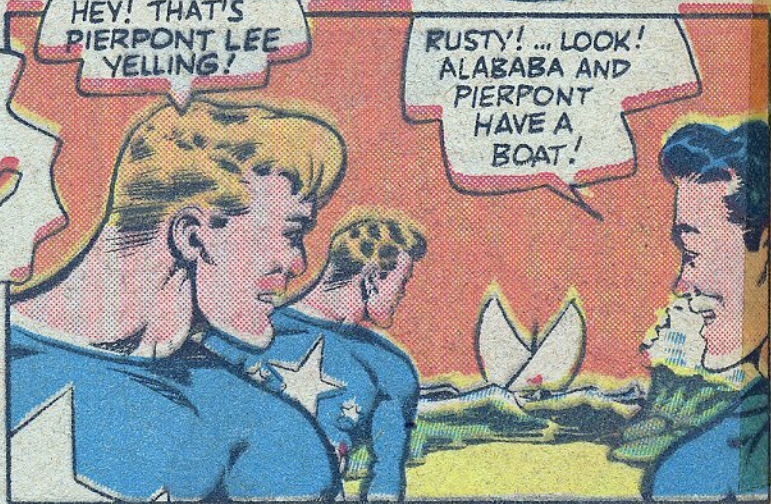


IT'S GONE! IT'S GONE!
NOW WE CAN'T GET THE
JEENIE BACK TO HELP
US OUT! WE'LL DROWN!
LIKE FISH!...



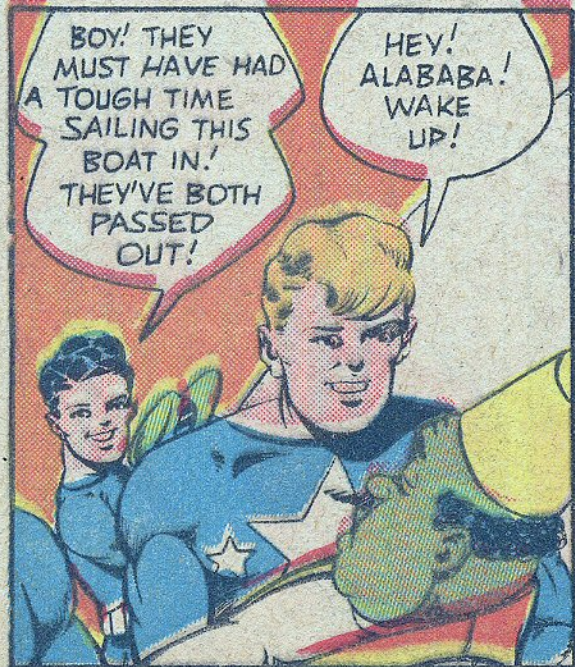
M-MISTAH
ALABABA!
OH-HHH-H!
HE'S DONE
GONE AN'
FAINTED
ON ME!

MISTAH RUSTY!
MISTAH RUSTY!
**MISTAH
RUSTY!**



HEY! THAT'S
PIERPONT LEE
YELLING!

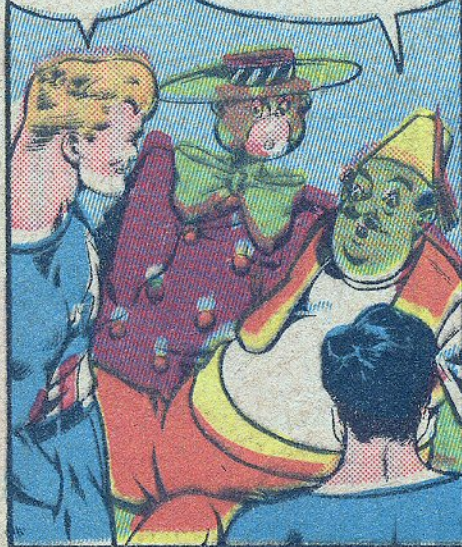
RUSTY! ... LOOK!
ALABABA AND
PIERPONT
HAVE A
BOAT!



BOY! THEY
MUST HAVE HAD
A TOUGH TIME
SAILING THIS
BOAT IN!
THEY'VE BOTH
PASSED
OUT!

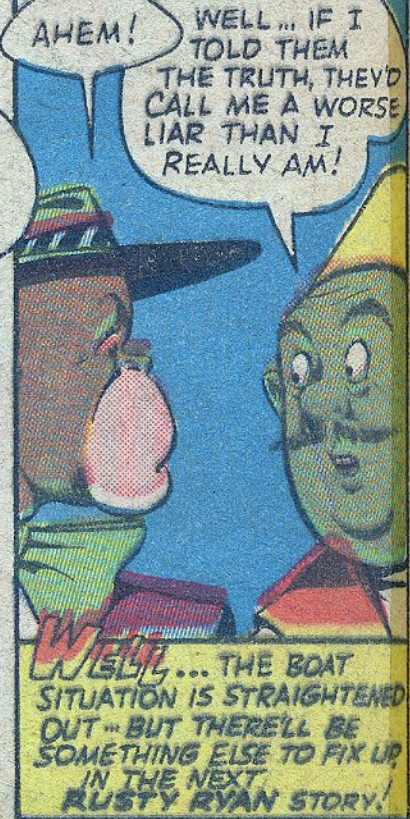
HEY!
ALABABA!
WAKE
UP!

HOW'D
YOU GET
THE BOAT?
C'MON!..
TELL!



HUH? OHH...
ER..

PIERPONT
AND I WERE
ATTACKED BY A
HUNDRED HEAD.
HUNTERS IN BOATS
LIKE THIS AND--



AHEM!
WELL... IF I
TOLD THEM
THE TRUTH, THEY'D
CALL ME A WORSE
LIAR THAN I
REALLY AM!

WELL...... THE BOAT
SITUATION IS STRAIGHTENED
OUT -- BUT THERE'LL BE
SOMETHING ELSE TO FIX UP
IN THE NEXT
RUSTY RYAN STORY!

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE
FILTHY BLACKHEADS
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB
TO TALK TO
HIM RIGHT
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY
VACUTEX FOR THOSE
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.
IT SOUNDS
WORTH
TRYING

JIM DARLING,
HOW NICE AND
CLEAN YOU
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK
VACUTEX
FOR THAT,
HONEY!



AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

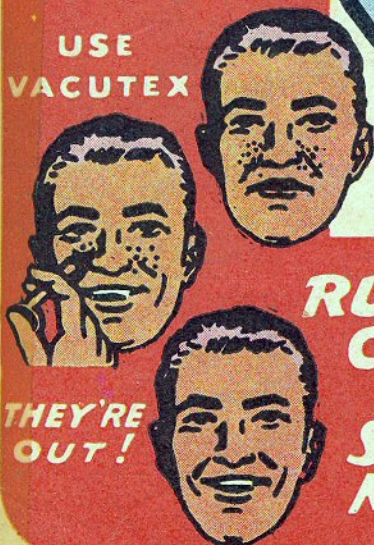
If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

**ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS**

**UGLY
BLACKHEADS
USE
VACUTEX**



**RUSH
COUPON
Send No
MONEY**

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

**BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 8309
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!



BLITZED By **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU!**

YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are — no matter how accustomed you've grown to being bullied and kicked around — you can now, in *double-quick time*, become a "holy terror" in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are — *that's* the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**.

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you, certain that no one will *dare* lay a hand on her while you're around.

WHAT IS THE SECRET? **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, the deadliest technique of counter-attack ever devised, the science which turns your enemy's weight and strength *against himself*. A secret weapon? Certainly! But it is a secret that is yours for the asking, to be mastered immediately. In your bare hands it becomes a weapon that shatters your attacker with the speed and efficiency of lightning ripping into a giant oak. You'll learn to throw a 200-pounder around as effortlessly as you'd toss a chair across the room.

LEARN AT ONCE! *Not in weeks or months!* You can master this invincible technique **NOW!** No ex-

pensive mechanical contraptions. No heartbreaking wait for big muscles. Actually, as you execute the grips and twists of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, your body develops a smoothness, firmness and agility that you never dreamed you'd have. It's easy! Just follow the simple instructions in **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**. Clearly written and illustrated throughout with *more than 100 drawings*, the principles can easily be followed step-by-step and learned in one reading.

Today's Toughest Fighters Are Ju-Jitsu Experts!

Our soldiers, sailors, leathernecks and fellows entering the armed forces well know that in this all-out war their very lives depend on a knowledge of all-out tactics. The Rangers and Commandos use this deadly instrument of scientific defense and counter-attack. American police and G-men; prison, bank, asylum and factory guards, and other defenders of our public safety are relying more and more upon it. Even in the schools, boys of teen age are being taught Ju-Jitsu. It is not a sport, as our enemies are discovering to their sorrow. It is the crushing answer to treacherous attack. You, too, must learn to defend yourself and your loved ones as ruthlessly as our fearless, hard-hitting fighters.

SEND NO MONEY!

Mail the coupon now. We will send you **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU** for 5 days' free trial. When it arrives, deposit 98c (plus a few cents postage), with the postman. Read it! If you are not satisfied send it back and we will instantly return your money.



What Lightning Ju-Jitsu Does For You

1. Fills you with unshakable self-confidence.
2. Makes you a sure winner in any fight.
3. Teaches you to overpower a thug armed with gun, knife, billy, or any other weapon of attack.
4. Can give you a smooth-muscled, athletic body.
5. Sharpens your wits and reflexes by coordinating eye, mind, and body.
6. Make your friends respect you, etc., etc. . . .

FREE!

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NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

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